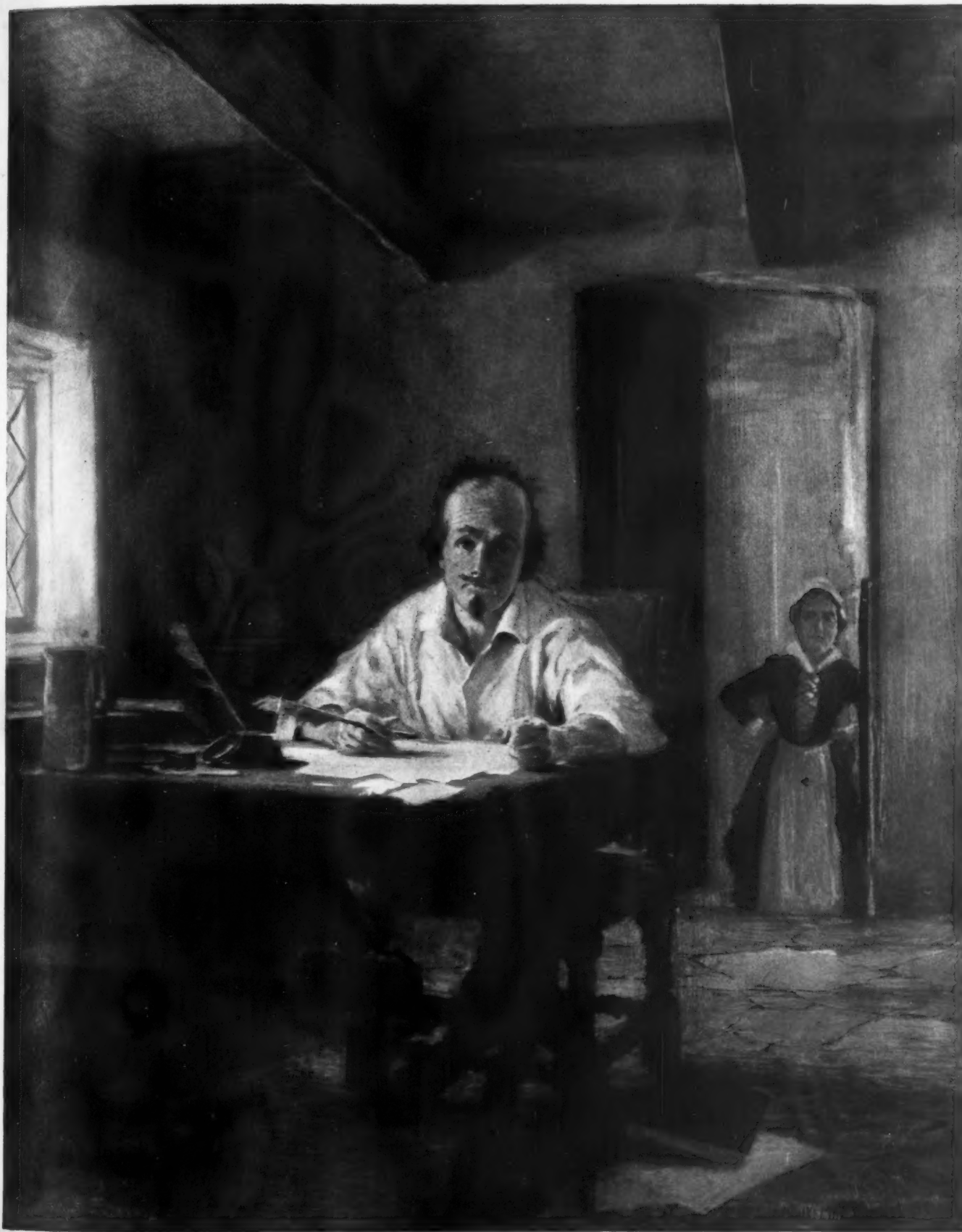


SHAKESPEARE
NUMBER

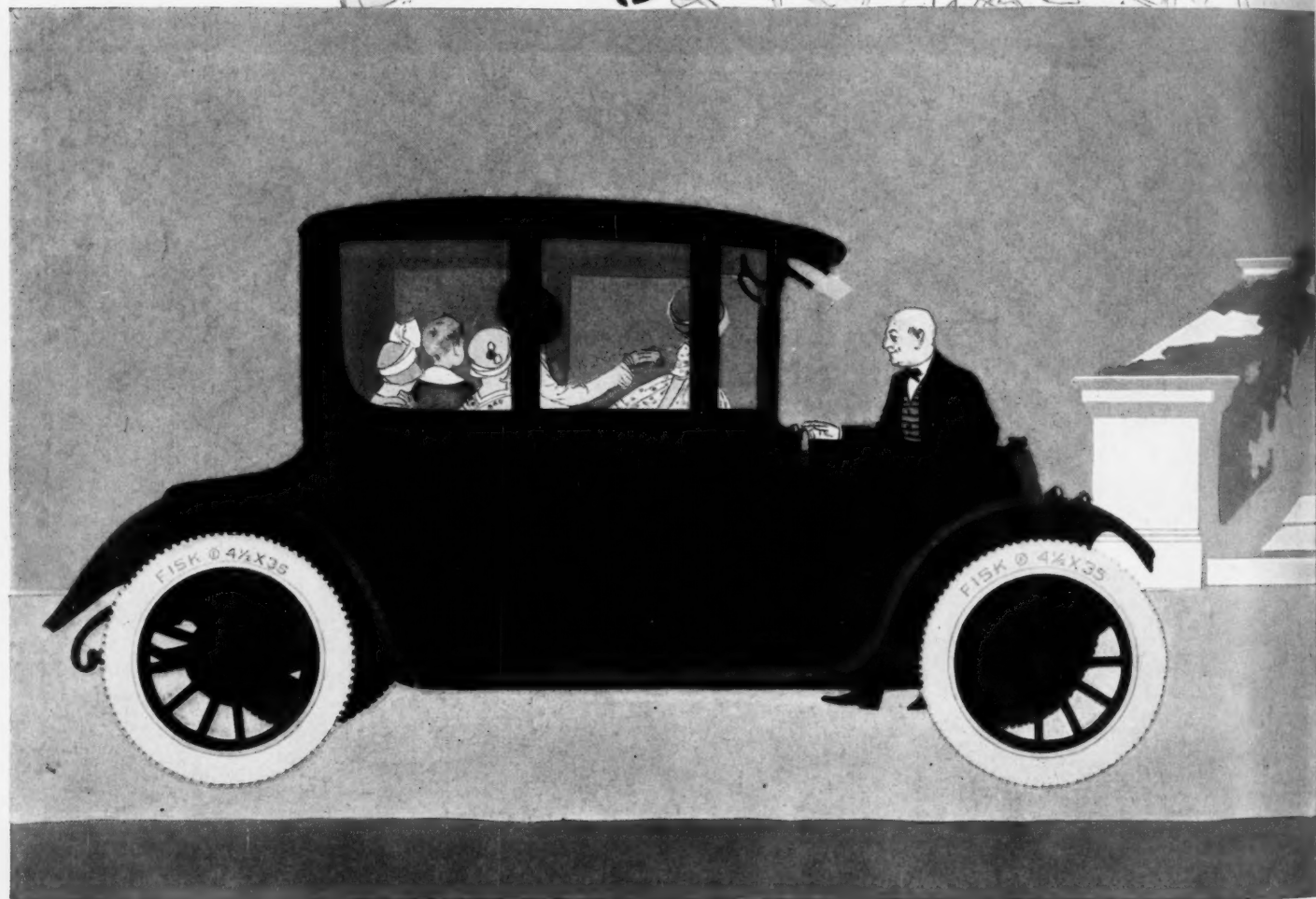
Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 67, No. 1747. April 20, 1916
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"WHAT! SCRIBBLING AGAIN, WILLIAM?"

Willys
KNIGHT
SLEEVE-VALVE MOTOR
Coupe
MODEL 84 B
\$1500
f.o.b. TOLEDO



—and now the price is so low

On account of their lower first cost even experienced motorists have continued to use open cars regardless of their many limitations.

But now the smart, practical, serviceable Willys-Knight closed models are produced in quantities which permit of remarkably low prices.

The Willys-Knight is also superior in that its sleeve-valve motor grows quieter with use and increases in power and flexibility, whereas all other types deteriorate in these respects.

And this motor, practically vibrationless, is far more durable than any other type yet produced.

The demand for Willys-Knight cars is growing faster than our ability to increase their production. See the Overland dealer now and avoid delay by placing your orders promptly.

The Coupe is \$1500, the Limousine \$1750, both prices f. o. b. Toledo.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

FISK TIRES

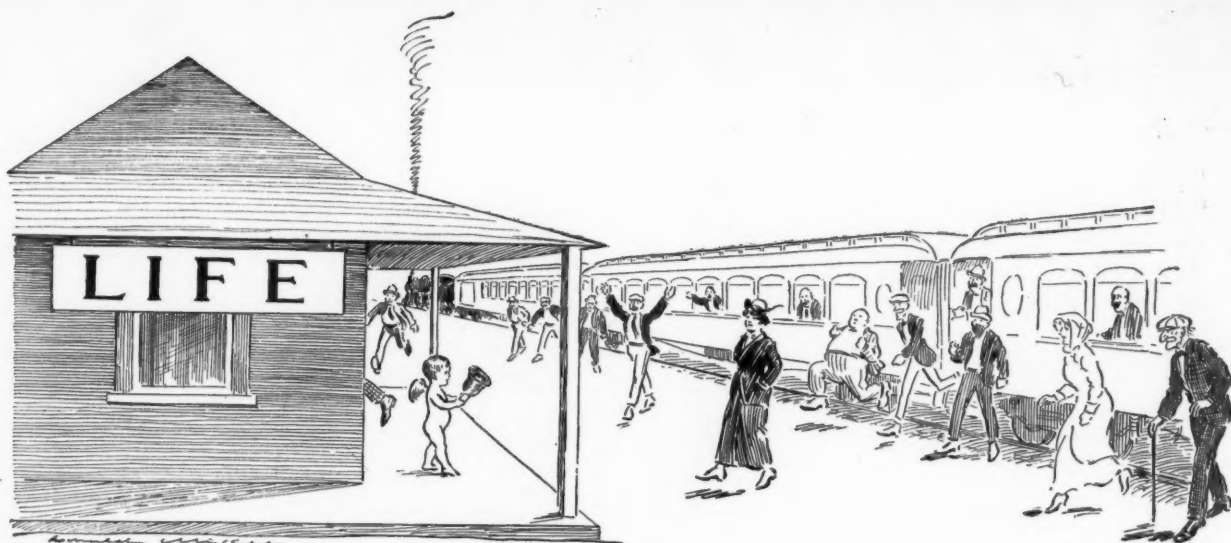


THE First Aim of This Company is to make a tire that represents real dollar-for-dollar value. It is a genuine satisfaction to us to know that when you buy a **Fisk Non-Skid** you can't get more tire worth from anyone—in quality, mileage, safety or supplementary service.

Sold by 35,000 dealers everywhere—or through more than 100 direct Fisk Branches, covering the entire country.

An extraordinary feature of the Fisk Policy is the uniform FREE Service you get at every Branch. Inspection, changes, inflation, air testing and so on, all free, regardless of the tire used. Consult Telephone Directory for Local Fisk Branch.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY, Chicopee Falls, Mass.



"THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS"

Does This Ever Happen to You?

Subscribing to one's favorite paper is not always so easy as it seems. You intend to do it, of course. Indeed, nothing is more certain. But you wait from week to week in the vain, elusive hope that, possibly, in some mysterious manner, someone else will do it for you. Meanwhile you keep praising the paper to your friends, telling them you couldn't possibly do without it. One day you miss your copy—perhaps the news-stand has sold out, or you forget—then someone asks you if you saw that awfully good thing, etc. You haven't. You blame the paper. You blame everybody but yourself. Suddenly you wake up, take five minutes off, make out your check, mail it, and—



Embarrassing

We have had to postpone indefinitely the Garden of Eden Number, which was to have been next week's issue. It is all ready, full of the latest news from the Garden of Eden—and other things. But we hesitate, somehow, to issue it. It's too good.

In the spring it behooves every good fellow to obey that impulse.



Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

THE MULTIGRAPH

1000 Letters "In a Hurry" at a Cost of $\frac{1}{10}$ of a Cent Apiece

That was the result of an order from the man higher up. He wanted the letters quickly—but he also wanted them neat and accurate.

The Multigraph Junior accomplished it all—and more. An average employee did the work, and the cost was a revelation.

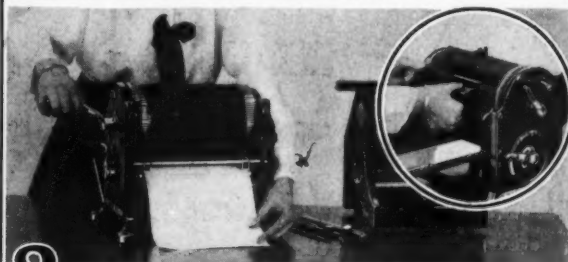
Study the pictures. Note the simplicity of operations. Compare the cost with your own cost of form letters, if you do not own a Multigraph. Then mail us the coupon.



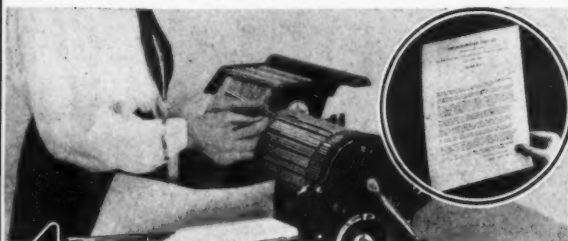
1 The head of the firm puts in a hurry call for 1,000 form letters. Note the time.



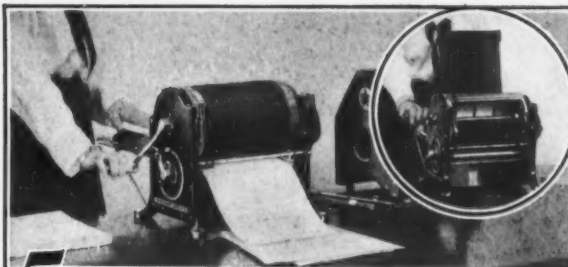
2 A little practice has enabled the operator to use the Flexo-Typesetter and compose a letter rapidly.



3 It's a simple matter to put the inked ribbon over the type form and take a proof.



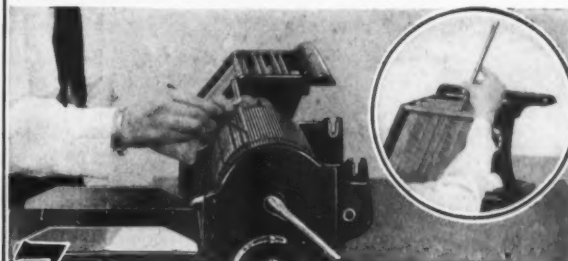
4 Corrections mean nothing more than sliding out the line of type, changing the wrong letter and replacing the line.



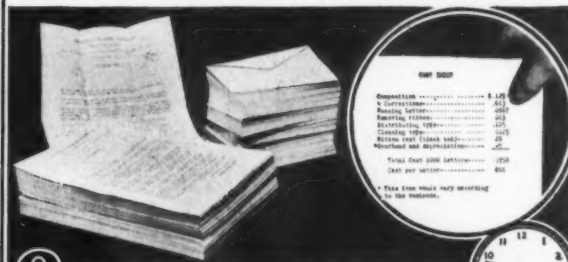
5 Just a question of turning the crank and feeding the paper. The job is done and the ribbon removed in no time.



6 The type is quickly cleaned, and the printing drum may be set aside for another run later on if desired.



7 The final operation—distributing the type from printing drum to Flexo-Typesetter—is even quicker than composing.



8 All ready for mailing. 1,000 neat, accurate letters at a surprisingly low cost, produced in 1½ hours, privately and conveniently.

From the Multigraph Junior at \$200 complete, to the Multigraph Senior, with power drive and all the improved attachments up to \$715, the uses are varied and the advantages great. Terms are easy—20% down and easy monthly payments. Mail the coupon.

THE WAY TO OPPORTUNITY

MULTIGRAPH, 1810 E. 40th Street, Cleveland

I shall be glad to see one of your representatives and get full information regarding the Multigraph and its possible application to my business.

Name

Official Position

Firm

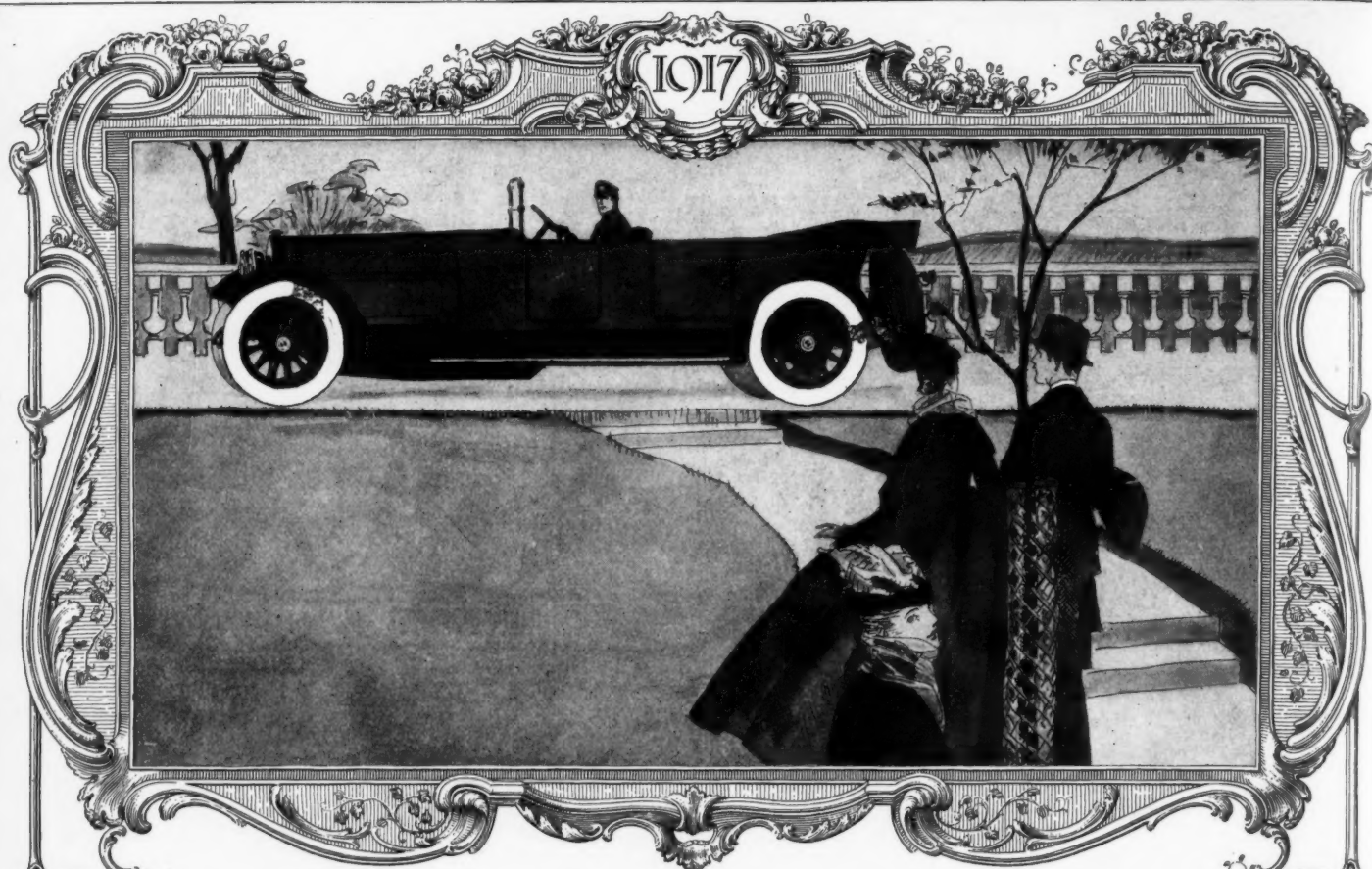
Street Address

Town State

Attach This to Your Letterhead and Mail

| COST SUMMARY | |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Composition | \$ 1.00 |
| Correcting | .05 |
| Setting letters | .05 |
| Setting ribbon | .05 |
| Inserting type | .05 |
| Cleaning up | .05 |
| Printing and distribution | .05 |
| Total cost per letter | \$.25 |

* This time must vary according to the individual.



The LOCOMOBILE
Company of America
ANNOUNCES:

A series of Six Cylinder Cars, fashionably low in appearance, quickly responsive to power demands, sweet running and restful. Locomobile Coach Work equips the perfected chassis with a beautiful body, individual in detail and finish, and of any desired style. These luxurious cars are expensive, but, having the finest materials and workmanship, are undeniably superior, and, being produced in small quantities, are exclusive. The Book of the Locomobile—a limited edition—is available to those interested in fine cars.

Life



Shakespeare on Preparedness

OUR remedies oft in ourselves do lie.—*All's Well That Ends Well.*

I'll make assurance double sure.—*Macbeth.*

The weakest goes to the wall.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Give me another horse.—*Richard III.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls.—*Macbeth.*

Let me have men about me.—*Julius Caesar.*

Delays have dangerous ends.—*Henry VI.*

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly.—*Macbeth.*



THE BOYHOOD OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



LOVERS ONCE BUT STRANGERS NOW



BEFORE THE QUEEN

Thinking Is the Most Fun

HAPPINESS is a state of mind.

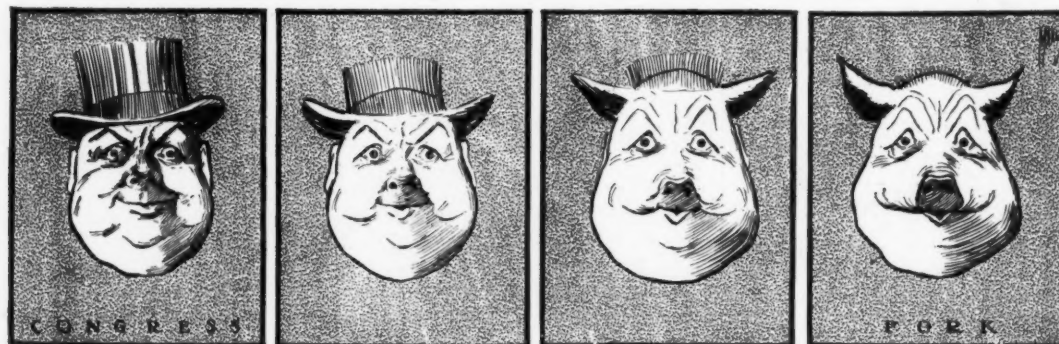
Prince Pierre Troubetskoy, who married a Virginian (Amélie Rives) and has lived in this country a good deal, thinks the American mind in this generation is so closely applied to concrete things that it loses much of the simple joy of life which is gathered in by the Latin. He finds that American efficiency tends to mechanisms and material riches, rather than to artistic inspirations, and he deprecates the American habit of "indulging in artificial luxuries, not realizing that in the meanwhile they are renouncing the highest luxury of all, that of thinking for the pleasure of thinking, and not for the material remuneration it may bring."

True enough, all that; but characteristic, probably, not so much of the

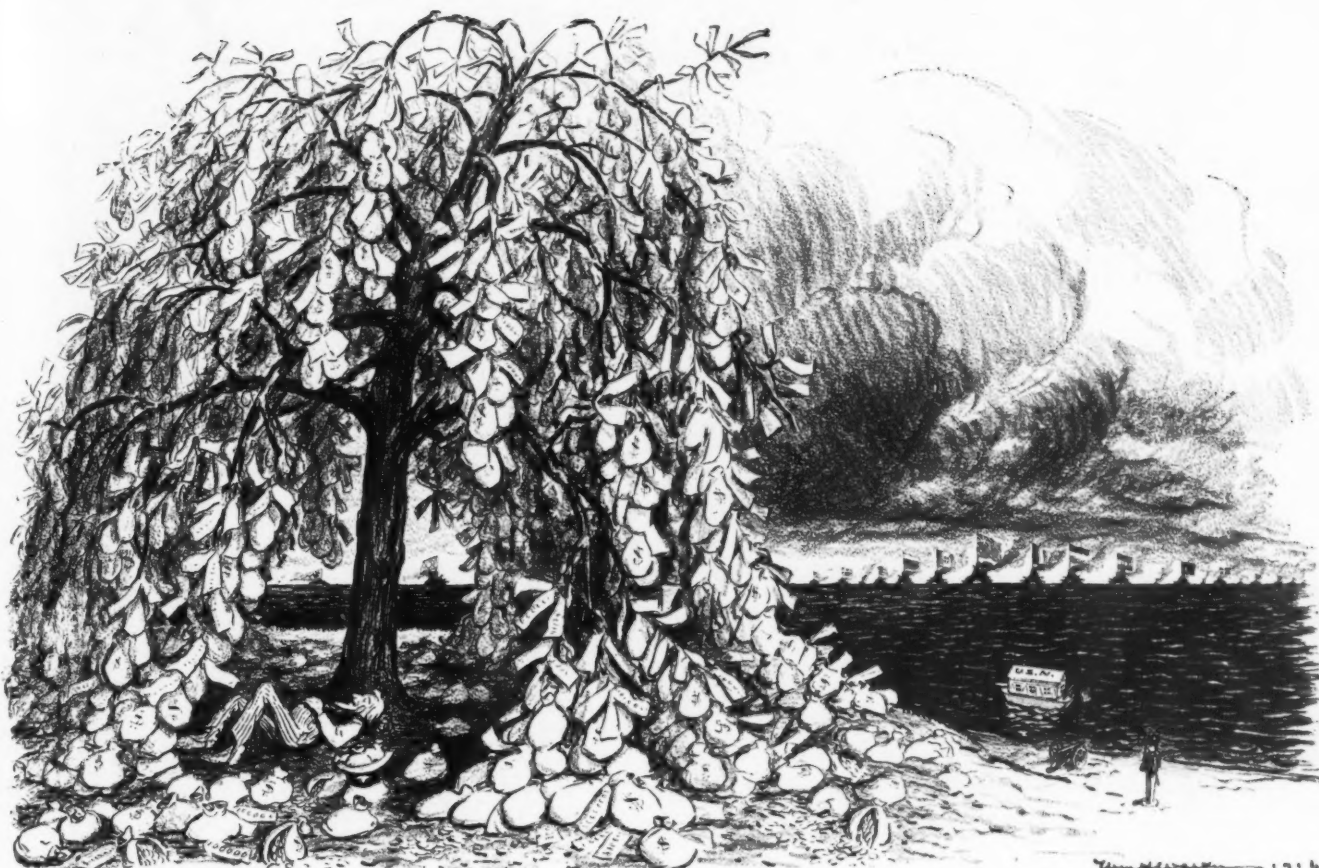
American people (if there is such a thing) as of the current phase of their development. For generations, and never more than in the latest generation, the great errand of the American mind has seemed to be material construction. All the colleges have run to that, until one is ready to feel that that is all they are good for. Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Turmoil," has that for its subject, and takes the view that the American zeal for bigness and construction means something important to civilization; something more than mere bricks; that a great apparatus is being created out of which presently will come great thoughts.

The highest luxury is the pleasure of thinking; moreover, it is the safest and most wholesome pleasure. Too much

concentration of thought on concrete objects, machines and material acquisitions wears many people out before their time, sends others to sanitariums, and of others still makes dull and unprofitable companions. People whose minds run on money, and who are perpetually on the make, are seldom profitable company. Nevertheless, one hears very interesting stories of contemporary Americans of great and successful commercial activity who have another side to their minds that they cultivate purely for their own pleasure. One such man was the wonderful Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific, who died the other day, and there is Henry Frick and many others, who at least buy pictures, and we have heard a tale about the avocations of a



"PIGS IS PIGS"



THE PLUM FREE
WHO GETS HERE FIRST?

Chicago drygoods man that almost rivals the Arabian Nights. When men trained to get what they go after begin to dream and try to make their dreams come true, very interesting results are liable to follow. Our remarkable country has plenty of wonder-workers in it, and they are acquiring the means by which wonders are worked. They will not always be limited to drudgeries of material acquisition. They will think, they will learn, they will dream, and their contrivings to make their dreams come true will be worth watching.

E. S. M.

ELIHU and Theodore have broken bread together, but not Theodore and Jane.

A Compromise

"GIVE us our place in the sun!" they cried;

"A place that matches our worth."

"Take *all* the sun," mankind replied,

"But please get off the earth."

The Latest

"MRS. CROESUS has the most up-to-date social secretary in the city."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, no doubt about it. She comes from a magazine, you know, and the very first thing she did was to issue a notice that no invitations could be considered unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply."

Carnal and Celestial Candidates

IF Mr. Wilson should lose his hold on the Celestial party in these States, its natural candidate would be John R. Mott.

Mr. Mott would have to be introduced to some of the voters, but he would come into politics very highly recommended.

General Wood is talked of a little as candidate of the Carnals.

They might do much worse. General Wood is a moderate Carnal, a very moderate militarist, and a very able administrator. Coleman Du Pont, who is also spoken of, is too rich and too closely identified with the powder business to be a successful candidate.

Elizabethan Lyrics*

My Queen

SING high, the lark! As high, my heart!
My Queen's in London town!
Not the one who plays the part
Beneath the jewelled crown:
But she beneath the lyric hat,
In snowy furbelows,
Who makes my heart go patapat,
From 'wildered head to toes!

Sing low, ye winds: sing, nightingale,
The saddest song you know.
Vanish, moon! Ye stars, grow pale!
O Thames, now cease to flow!
Her wild rose face no more I see,
Her heartbeats no more feel!
I'm flying through eternity
Upon Ixion's Wheel!
May 29, 1597.

W. S.

Absent

LOVE in my heart is bond, yet free,
And sings all night and day.
And yet my love is not with me,
But far and far away.
My love is here, my love is there,
So it is bond, yet free,
As any slave, as is the air,
As any tree, or bee!

The tree is rooted, cannot stir;
The bee roams where it will.
Its honey thirst is its light spur
Through fields of daffodil.
And my love thirsts for honey, too,
But where's the honey—say,
When crimson lips and eyes of blue
Are, bee-like, far away?
July, 1600.

W. S.

Stratford

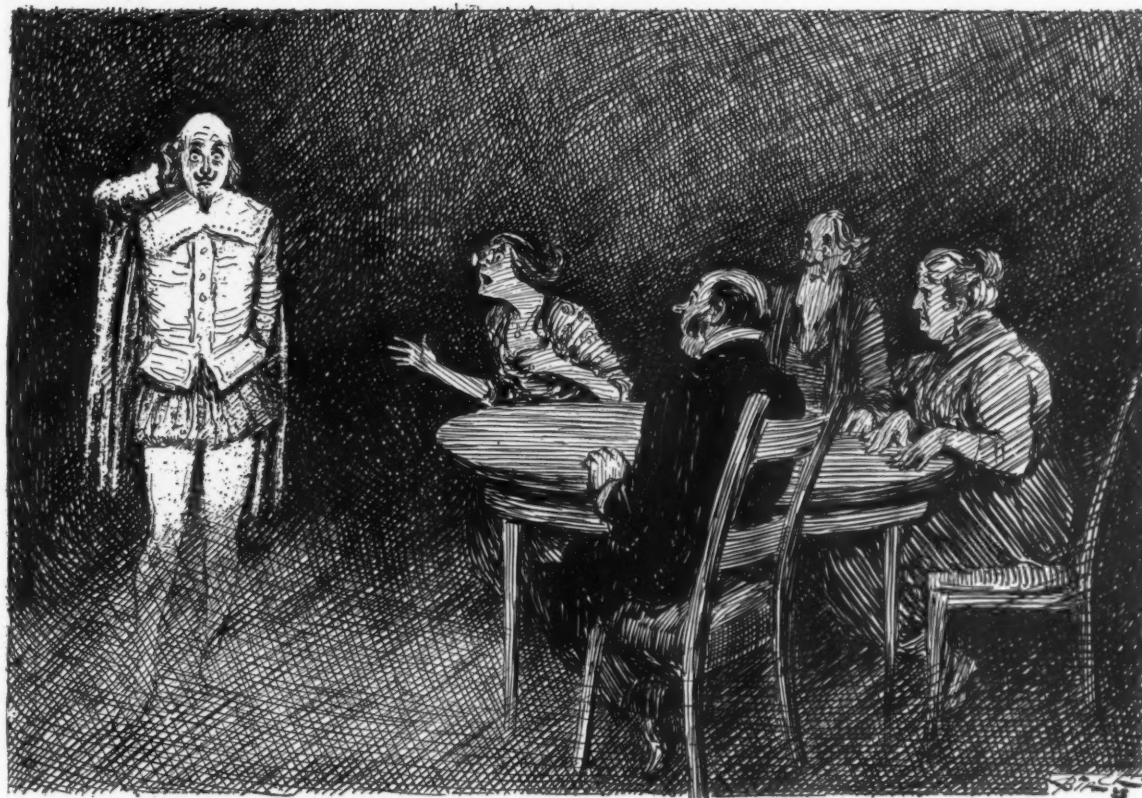
O LITTLE town of Stratford
Upon the Avon's banks,
How often have I lifted
For thee to God my thanks!
There every bird its mate has,
And every flower its crown,
And all the larks of England
Sing over Stratford town!

O little town of Stratford,
Dear England's honied heart!
God placed thee in the springtime
On England's wintry chart:
And then He smiled upon thee,
Until King Winter sighed,
And then the Avon rippled
A song as Winter died!

O little town of Stratford,
O dearest town and best,
My body lives in London,
My heart on Avon's breast.
From London town to Stratford
It flies on swallow's wings,
And, as it flies, to heaven
In gratitude it sings!
June 17, 1606.

W. S.

*From an old MS., "My Friend Shakespeare," by Horatio Brimmer, actor.
Edited by John Ernest Warren.



Boston Lady: ARE YOU SHAKESPEARE, OR BACON, OR AREN'T YOU?
Shakespeare's Ghost: HANGED IF I KNOW.

Song

"LOVE me little, love me long"—
 What a flat-cap 'prentice song!
 Love me for one glorious day,
 Then, Master Time, have thy own
 way!

One stormy day of splendid bliss,
 And then—the great, unknown abyss!
 Come, my love, what sayest thou
 To a primrosed Eden—now?

Fie! thou impish, dainty prude!
 How could I with thee be rude?
 I, who love thee as I prize
 The two wild pupils of mine eyes!

O ye gods! Just hear her squeal,
 As my lips across hers steal!
 Draw the curtains! Marlowe comes!
 No, it's Cupid. How he hums!

June 3, 1593.

W. S.

Immortality

WHEN we consider how many sets of Shakespeare are sold, after the lapse of three hundred years, to persons who read absolutely nothing but newspapers, we get some notion of the Bard's titanic power. In three hundred years how much of the boasted literature of to-day will burden the shelves of people who never give it a second glance?

Moreover, the Shakespeare tradition owes most of its punch to Shakespeare himself. Of course, time and chance happeneth to them all, and adventitious circumstances have doubtless helped—notably the Baconians—but, after all, it is the Bard's own quality which enables his publishers to sell him so copiously to customers who will never look inside

his covers—the quality of profound insight, of philosophical depth, of exquisite delicacy and the rest.

Assuredly, it is a wonderful thing to be so enshrined in the hearts of the great English-speaking races, or at all events races which might speak English if they could spare the time from more serious concerns.

A Detail

ACCORDING to the latest figures, our army costs \$1,047.54 per man, while Great Britain's army costs \$660.01 per man. Other countries are considerably lower. Our cost per man is higher than that of any other country. Wages are higher and equipment more expensive. That is, for our army. But why bother with little things like that?



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Let Us Excuse Poor Villa

PERHAPS

he had been studying the European war and thought it was the only really proper way to treat a neutral nation, or

Perhaps

he had been reading our newspaper editorials, and decided that if we were in the condition we said we were he could easily lick us, or

Perhaps

he thought the United States would warn all Americans to keep out of New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, or

Perhaps,

knowing that we would soon be in the throes of a presidential election, he considered it his duty to intervene in the cause of humanity, or

Perhaps

he thought we would write him a note.

Business of Hating

Judges Cohalan and Goff have the credulity of Irish peasants, and really believe that to hate England is statesmanship.—*J. B. Yeats in a letter to the Tribune.*

YEATS is a poet, and does not stand in with the Sinn Fein judges in this matter. A large majority of the Irish seem to stand with Yeats and prefer, as he does, the English to the Germans.

How Drunk Is a Drunkard?

JUDGE GIBBS, of Manhattan, recently tried his hand at defining what it is to be drunk:

"The quantity of liquor consumed does not matter. It does not matter whether a man has had two or fifteen highballs; two or twenty glasses of champagne. If he has taken so much that body and mind do not perform their functions normally, he is drunk."

According to the judge, drunkenness is, therefore, a question of personality.

The defect in this argument is that the art of not appearing drunk depends upon practice. An accomplished tipster is an actor. He gradually acquires the habit of appearing not to be under the influence of alcohol. A "normal" man is a man who is visibly

affected by one drink, whereas a man in the habit of drinking acquires a certain skill in not staggering, in not appearing to be abnormal. There is an enforced dignity about an habitual drunkard. He learns to conceal the fact that he is never quite sober.

There is, certainly, a difference in men—some are bigger than others, some slower, some less neurotic. But allowing for these variabilities, it might astonish the judge to notice how uniform would be the effect upon a given number of men, of the first drink. The judge is really holding up the accomplished drunkard as a model. If he says, in effect, we can learn to drink enough alcohol so that we can get away with it, then there isn't so much chance to get arrested for speeding as if, being normal, we took a wee nip.



A GOOD BILL



A BAD BILL



GREETING FROM HIS CHILDREN



"THAT'S A HIPPOPOTAMUS. HE CAN STAY UNDER WATER FOR EVER SO LONG."
"WHERE'S HIS PERISCOPE?"

A List of Spring Fiction

TWENTY THOUSAND AMERICANS UNDER THE SEA, by High Admiral von Tirpitz.

This volume is of timely interest, as it recounts the latest triumphs of the Imperial German navy. It cannot fail to fill every German-American with pride.

THE RIGHT OF WAY; OR, OUR MARCH THROUGH BELGIUM, by Dr. Bernhard Dernburg.

This masterly volume settles for all time the question of Germany's right to violate the neutrality of Belgium. We recommend this book to those who want to have their own way, even though they have to sin to get it.

THE TAMING OF THE CREW, by Lieutenant Berg of the S.S. Appam.

It is somewhat surprising that the British Admiralty did not attempt to blockade the publication of this book. Perhaps their attempt insured its escape. This is a thrilling narrative, and should be read by those who insist that Prussians are landlubbers.

SHE SWOOPS TO CONQUER, by the Commander of a Zeppelin.

Any book which recounts new experiences is deserving of special notice. This is such a volume. Read in it of the attacks on hospitals and workmen's homes—of the murder of women and children. The author displays a joyous abandon in his descriptions; his heart was evidently in the work, as the rare delight of killing is expressed on every page. We wonder if any of our readers have ever enjoyed dropping a bomb on a mother and her five children? The

experience is said not to be of the perfect sort unless all the children are under nine years of age.

WILSON, MY LOVE; A COLLECTION OF SONNETS, by the late Owen Wister.

Not since the immortal "Sonnets from the Portuguese" has a more notable volume of poetry appeared. And the marvel of it is that it was inspired by the patriotic devotion of an author for the President of his country. If we would find any such perfect masculine affinity elsewhere in literature, we must go back to the David-Jonathan friendship.

SHIPS THAT PASS US IN THE NIGHT; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE MOEWE, by the Hon. A. J. Balfour of the British Admiralty.

Like most of Mr. Balfour's productions, this volume has a philosophic trend. It explains, with tranquil regret, the failure of the navy to nab the Moewe. It will be read in Germany with intense satisfaction, and in England with high admiration for its matchless language.

GULLIVER GOLTZ'S TRAVELS, by Field Marshal von der Goltz.

We fear that the public will be denied the pleasure of reading this volume, for it bears the mark of a printing house in Erzerum, which lately has been rudely destroyed by the Grand Duke. Anyway, the story is easily told. The author went from Berlin to Belgium; thence to Constantinople; there he planned to visit Egypt, but for some reason went to Erzerum instead, where he prepared his narrative. By latest reports, the author is still traveling. He is probably going back home.



HIS FIRST PLAY
"ACCEPTED"

When Shakespeare Laughed

WHEN Shakespeare laughed, the fun began!

Even the tavern barmaids ran
To choke in secret, and unbent
A lace, to ease their merriment.
The *Mermaid* rocked to hear the man.

Then Ben his aching girth would span,
And roar above his pasty pan,
"Avast there, Will, for I am spent!"
When Shakespeare laughed.

I' faith, let him be grave who can
When Falstaff, Puck and Caliban
In one explosive jest are blent.
The boatmen on the river lent
An ear to hear the mirthful clan
When Shakespeare laughed.

Christopher Morley.

Our Unpleasant Department

(Anything of an unpleasant nature will be mournfully considered)

OUR coal deposits are running out.
In a few more years we shall all
shiver to death.

After carefully looking into all the different securities in which to invest your money, we can assure you that there is no safe investment—nothing, indeed, about which, if you knew the actual truth, you wouldn't lie awake worrying all night. The best way is to have no money.

Have you had the grip? Statistics show that few recover. After an attack we seem to get well, but this is only an illusion. We walk about a few months, but death in some unexpected form is likely to occur at any moment.

Malignant

"I HEAR that fellow has spent his entire life in robbing widows and orphans."

"His entire life! Oh, how unjust! Why, he didn't make a cent at it until he was nearly thirty."

SHE: Shall we elope in the auto?

HE: Not with gasoline at the present price.

Hamlet to the (Movie) Players

LOOK the part, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you: frowningly to denote anger; honeyedly to register love. If sad, wag thy head four times: no more. Thus, 'tis always done. Wouldst think? Pause: hand on thy chin: eyes down the while that I count six. Now hoist thy dome: smile: that meaneth an idea. Doth get me?

And you that play the clown: I wouldst have thee out-chaplin Charles. Bear this in mind: a kick upon thy fellow's stomach ever gets a laugh. Art on?

Now for the action.

Hark, ye villain! Before thou pourest poison into the king's ear, stop: eye the vial, and look you in a sinister manner. To look sinister, this is the rule: smile craftily, and from the corner of thine eye lamp thy sleeping victim. E'en the smallest boy in the back row will know thy foul intent. Then put the vial to thine own ear, and thus wise up the fans for thy wicked act.

Thou bone-pate asleep there on the bench! When the poison's in thine ear see that thou putttest class into the dying. Suit the action to the deed. Zounds, man! This is a deadly juice, not laudanum and sweet oil! Croak you, then, with a punch. Ha! 'Tis well!

(To the camera man.) I prithee, shoot!

Bertha Lowry Gwynne.

Gone But Not Forgotten

IT used to be that the *Wall Street Journal* constantly printed editorials so reasonable and wise that you wondered to find them in so carnal-minded a paper. But nowadays its editorials are regularly about what you would expect.

Back somewhere in the hard times for Wall Street the *Journal* must have lost an editor.



THE PRINCESS AND HER LOVER ARE SPIED UPON BY THE COURT JESTER. WHERE IS THE JESTER CONCEALED?



IF SHAKESPEARE WROTE TO-DAY

When Irishmen Lack Humor

To say that Irishmen lack humor is a heterodoxy.

—The New Republic.

ONCE LIFE published an amusing but charming picture of St. Patrick, in colors, as a cover. Surprising to say, it gave offence to some Irishmen, and the mail brought complaints about it, some of them very bitter.

Appeal was made to an Irish friend to explain what was the matter. He said that almost all Irishmen had a sense of humor, but those who hadn't, hadn't any at all. They were not near-sighted about it, but blind, and missed completely all humorous intention.

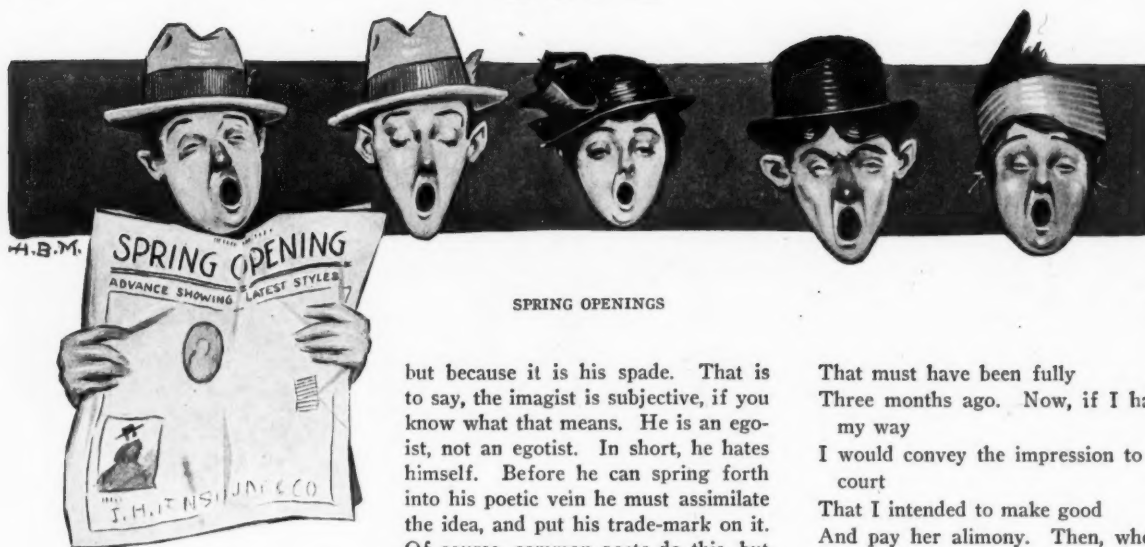
Located

SMALL SON: Pa, where is this Reno I read about so much in the papers?

FATHER: Reno, my son, is a small town in Colorado, where multi-millionaires en route between Newport, R. I., and Pasadena, Cal., stop off to exchange wives.



HAD SHAKESPEARE MARRIED TO-DAY



SPRING OPENINGS

Step Up, Please, and Meet the Imagist

THE benevolent assimilation of new words by a public not overpernickety still goes on. Jitney has been successfully swallowed with apparently no harmful results. Imagist is a more delicate morsel offered for the delectation of the highbrows rather than the fans. But it looks good to many in a small circle of peripatetics who are engaged in the nice enterprise of controlling American thought—or what stands for American thought.

The imagist is a new sort of poet. Now, the cubist tells you something that you don't want to know, even if, with the aid of a detective agency, you could find out about it. The futurist, on the other hand, tries to egg you on to suspect something that you really don't want to suspect. The imagist carries about with him no sneaking motives like these. He grabs a sentiment by the small of its neck and shakes it to pieces before your eyes. With him, bluntness is no passing fad, but a regular habit. Most of us are economical of red blood. We try to save it up for great occasions, when it will do the most good. Not so the imagist. He squanders it with reckless ease. He does not, however, call a spade a spade because it is a spade,

but because it is his spade. That is to say, the imagist is subjective, if you know what that means. He is an egoist, not an egotist. In short, he hates himself. Before he can spring forth into his poetic vein he must assimilate the idea, and put his trade-mark on it. Of course, common poets do this, but the imagist is no common poet, he is really a sort of mental anarchist. He doesn't care what he says. He plants a bomb under rhythm and blows it up. Conventions, taste, literary manners—all the old aristocracy—are nothing to the imagist. He is for telling you plainly what he thinks, in no round robin. We don't know whether any imagist ever marries or not, but if he does he would write about his wife something like this:

My wife—

I thought I loved her once, damn her!

That must have been fully
Three months ago. Now, if I had
my way
I would convey the impression to a
court
That I intended to make good
And pay her alimony. Then, when
the
Divorce was granted, the papers
signed
I would suavely tell her to go to the
Devil!

T. L. M.

Hard Necessity

"I DON'T understand why gasoline is so much more than it was."

"Well, you see, the Standard Oil stock has doubled in value, and they simply had to raise the price of gasoline to come out even."



HELP



THE GATHERING OF THE FAITHFUL

Butlers Breaking Out in Kansas

THE first advertisement for a butler in the state of Kansas, which recently appeared in a Kansas paper, has been hailed with many philosophical and some ominous observations. The high tide of effete civilization is evidently moving westward. Second men will soon be appearing in small numbers in Ohio and Illinois. Hitherto there have been butlers on both Atlantic and Pacific coasts, but they have not penetrated the interior. While their presence at first may seem slightly embarrassing, we believe that in the course of time they will be able to demonstrate their usefulness. Farmers are making money, and every farm ought to have a butler. When the tired Kansas farmer has been out during the day gathering in his vast crop and comes home at night he needs to be pampered. The spectacle of a prosperous Kansas farmer seated at his evening meal in a blue flannel shirt and top boots, waited on by a real butler with snow-white shirt bosom and a claw-hammer, is not of necessity an incongruous picture.



"SON OF A GUN'S"
SISTER

Handy Mottos for Pacifists

IN times of peace prevent everyone else with whom you don't agree from preparing for war. Belgium was unprepared and look how she has been helped!

He who steals my good name steals trash, but he who takes from me my purse takes that from which I would not willingly part.

Safety Comes Too High

THE greatest obstacle to military preparation is expense.

Everything we do in the army or navy line costs a great deal too much, and the immense cost of our over-developed pension system keeps us asking ourselves whether patriotism is not a greater luxury than we can afford.

Somehow, national safety has got to be put on such a basis as will bring it within our means. We ought to get a fair rate for such national insurance as we need.



NO CHILDREN ALLOWED



IF MEXICO WERE GERMANY

Shakespeare's Lyrics

FABRIC of flame and fancy, lightly wrought
As gossamer that stars the meadow's green,
And delicate as is the filmy sheen
On wings of dragon-flies; a shadow caught
And held in thrall; the wind's low whisper, fraught
With secrets that spring-scented blossoms glean;
A breath of mystic fragrance, shut between
The dream-spun covers of a fragile thought.

And, in each tome, this sweet, frail wonderment
Lures him who seeks it—since in each least thing
Some hint of music lies, some lyric ring,
With sorrow, rapture, pain and pleasure blent
In sentient harmonies, that only wait
The wakening glance of minds initiate.

Charlotte Becker.

Popular Conceptions

Of Shakespeare, by Any Young Girl

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was a great poet who lived in Stratford-on-Avon and was married to a woman named Hathaway. He is the author of "Hamlet" and the "Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth," but the best play he ever wrote was "Romeo and Juliet," which is full of pathos and love. His plays are not popular now because they are not appreciated. He went to London, and was at one time very poor, but afterwards became rich. Some of the things he wrote we are constantly repeating in our daily life, but we do not realize it. His language has never been equalled by anyone, and it would not be necessary to read anything else, for if you have read Shakespeare you are educated.

YOU are safe in predicting that the war can't possibly last more than three months longer. This is sure to be true some day.



Manager: WHAT—THE—HELL!



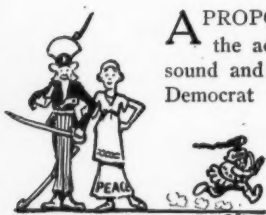
APRIL 20, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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APROPOS of complaint about the administration, it was a sound and earnest administration Democrat who exclaimed: "It is about time that somebody wrote a competent piece under the title, 'What Do the American People Want, Anyway?'" It seemed to this observer that the people who elected Mr. Wilson had abundant reason to be satisfied with what they had got from him. He spoke of the legislation of the first two years of the Wilson administration, not forgetting the Panama Tolls Repeal bill, of tariff reform, of the currency measure and the installation of the machinery to make it work. It all looked good to him. Was it the Mexican policy that was at fault? Had the people wanted Huerta? Had they wanted wholesale war with Mexico? Was the European policy at fault? Had the people wanted a break with Germany, and were they vexed at not getting it?

Mr. Root in his anti-Wilson Republican speech undertook, in a way, the duty which the administration Democrat suggested. He charged the administration with hostility to business enterprise, with various shortcomings in Mexico, including failure to protect Americans and American rights, and with three fundamental errors in its policy towards Europe—lack of foresight to strengthen our army and navy, making threats and not making them good, failure to interpret truly to the world the spirit of American democracy towards the war.

Mr. Root's speech was much admired, but when one remembers all the merits

and all the extenuating circumstances of Mr. Wilson's case, it is impossible not to wonder whether the notable speech that Mr. Root actually made was so great after all, or so convincing as the speech he might have made if he had engaged for the defense instead of the prosecution.

Mr. Moorfield Storey's article in the *Yale Review* was, in its way, a what-do-the-people-want-anyway article, and it was a good one, but one would have preferred to have Mr. Root look the ground all over and write a reply to himself. It is a pity he is not on Mr. Wilson's side. Mr. Wilson—every President—needs just such a man as Mr. Root. No wonder he is Mr. Bacon's first choice for President, and that Mr. Choate says we must have him, and that the Roosevelt ticket is not accepted as complete unless it includes the words "and Elihu Root, Secretary of State."



WHAT the People Want, Anyway, is someone to tell them what they think. A great many of them don't know. Especially, they don't know what to think about Europe and about Mexico, and that makes them uncertain what to think about President Wilson. Information and suggestion—a steer, so to speak—from somebody whom they feel they could trust, would be generally acceptable to the people just now. But they would want a strictly disinterested steer. If there could be a council of Elder Statesmen

—Mr. Richard Olney, Dr. Eliot, our two Uncle Joes, Mr. George F. Edmunds, perhaps Mr. Root (if he is not too young and too partisan), Mr. Wayne McVeagh (if he is grave enough)—they might advise something that would be helpful, and put out a line of views that the people would accept. As it is, Mr. Choate and Dr. Eliot have been faithful in suggestion, but Mr. Choate is now opposed to Mr. Wilson, whereas at last accounts Dr. Eliot had not quit him yet, and when even Elder Statesmen disagree on the steer, it only adds to the popular bewilderment. So a great many of the people still go along trustfully with President Wilson and think what they think he thinks, and some sit under Old Doctor Bryan and meditate on his views, and a good many are lying low and waiting to hear what the Junior Statesmen will have to say to them when they get together in Chicago on June 7th.



MEANWHILE we are all sitting on powder kegs, and talking about candidates for President and watching Congress try to pass proper bills for military preparation. One of the powder kegs is Carranza. The papers say he is anxious that our little expedition should not go too far into Mexico or stay too long. But they do not say, as yet, that General Carranza has tried to expedite the expedition by the use of railroads. We hope he will. The way to get the American troops out of Mexico is to help them make short work of Villa. If we are any judge of what the American people want, anyway, they don't want that Mexican expedition to come back empty-handed, unless after a proper funeral.

Neither do they want, if LIFE knows them, to turn back after putting their hand to the submarine plough. It lacks only about a fortnight now of a full year since the *Lusitania* was sunk. It is not true, as is so often said, that we have done nothing about it. The administration has done much, and done



THE DISCOVERY OF THE "BEARDED BIRD"

it well, but apparently not enough. Well, then, the next step should not be a backward one, or a mere marking of time. It should be a forward step in resolute affirmation of our government's position. That is our other powder keg.

Heaven send Carranza sense enough to help, instead of hindering, our troops in their necessary errand of punishment. It was an errand not to be avoided, and it should not, and need not, bring on a general war with Mexico. But if it does, we are in for it. We cannot avoid war with Mexico by backing out, and we cannot avoid a state of war with Germany by backing down. That we have got to stick, and that we should stick, come what may, is surely one thing that the people want, anyway.

In this situation, sitting on powder kegs, with two wars in close prospect, the inconvenience of President Wilson's tardiness in punching up the country to military preparation becomes unwelcomely conspicuous. It seemed to LIFE a year and a half ago that the state of the world called for activity on our part in military preparation. But the administration did not think so, and did not do much. Possibly it could not have done much at that time. Congress did a little something, but nothing like enough. Now we are pretty much bare-handed, though the navy is somewhat better furnished than it was, except at the top. The disadvantage of being in our inoffensive state with two wars squinting at us is obvious. The advantages—there are some—are that we have fur-

nished convincing proof to Mexico of the pacificatory nature of our intentions; that we have foreborne to divert from Europe the munitions that were needed there, and that any wars we get into now will probably be less discommoding than they would have been if we had got in sooner. In Mexico, if the worst ensues, it will be hard to unite all factions against us, and even if that is accomplished, there are fewer fighters in Mexico and less to fight with than there were one, two or three years ago. What a state of war with Germany would mean to us—to us in New York, for example—we don't know, but the chance of serious internal troubles with our Germans or pro-Germans seems much less likely now than it did even six months ago. War is a nasty job. We quite agree with the government and citizens of Berlin, that if it must be done it is best done away from home.



THERE is unanimity of opinion among the competent critics that the Hay army bill—the House bill—is rotten. The Chamberlain bill in the Senate is very much better, but not perfect. The two bills are to meet in conference, and something is expected to emerge which both houses of Congress will pass. All we can do is to hope that it will be some good and will not waste too much money.

It is sad to find the state militia dividing with the pension system the reputation of being the stoutest obstacle to an efficient system of military training and service in these States. What money is left from the pensions the militia seems to want, but neither pensioners nor present National Guard rank high as a means of ready defense. However, Europe is going to have some pensioners and will want to cut down on soldiering, and that should help our case. Patriotic young men have been wont to join the National Guard from a sense of duty. It cannot please such men to see the state organizations scramble for federal money and oppose the best laid plans for an efficient federal reserve force.

"Insults the Nation"

UNDER that caption Congressman Albert Johnson of the State of Washington prints an editorial in the paper which he manages and edits at Hoquiam, Washington, in which he exhibits considerable peevishness over one of LIFE's pictures.

Among other things he says, "For years it (LIFE) has been abusing the government of the United States and holding it up to ridicule." Unfortunately, our accuser doesn't come into court with clean hands. If LIFE holds the government of the United States up to ridicule, Mr. Johnson, as a member of the present Congress, is at least *particeps criminis*. If the United States government is ridiculous in the eyes of the world and of its own citizens, congressmen of the Johnson type have done far more to make it so than anything LIFE could say, print or picture. For confirmation of this fact we refer the people of the United States to any issue of the *Congressional Record*.

In his article Congressman Johnson also makes this threat:

That LIFE will be made to feel the resentment of the people at this unpatriotic and traitorous action is certain. Already a movement is on foot to curtail the circulation of the paper in every way possible.

The only thing to give this threat importance is its semi-official character. Although it is not made on the floor of Congress, it has something the weight of such an utterance. A congressional



"WONDER IF THAT'S ONE OF THESE HERE POETS OR JUST A BUM?"

boycott might be an amusing novelty. We hope Mr. Johnson's associates in the legislative branch of the government do not take him as seriously as he takes himself.

The Real Explanation

THAT the woman's vote in Chicago should have declined nearly one-half under the vote taken last year need not necessarily alarm the friends of woman suffrage. Of course, if this keeps up indefinitely there will undoubtedly come a time when there will not be any woman voters left. Let us say that the votes cast by women in Chicago last year were, in round numbers, 150,000, and this year 80,000. Next year, following this retrogression, about 42,000 votes will be cast. The year after there will be 23,000, then 12,000, 7,000, 3,600, etc. Say in ten years there will be no woman's vote left.

But that is not the important thing. The real point is that by the time the woman's vote in Chicago has dwindled to nothing, all the reforms will have been accomplished. Naturally, a larger number of women voted last year than was actually necessary, because there

was more to do then and they wanted to be sure of getting everything done—that is, of electing the right candidates, closing up all the bad saloons, uprooting crime, and, in fact, having a general clean-up. Naturally, this year there wasn't so much to do as there was last year, only a few tag ends. And a few years hence what will be the use of voting at all when everything has been accomplished?

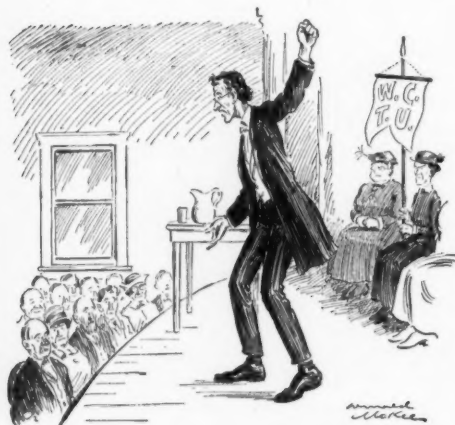
To Save a Baby

BABIES Number One and Number Two having already been provided for, Baby Number Three is added to LIFE's list, and a start has been made on caring for Baby Number Four.

Seventy-three dollars is the sum required to insure that a French baby, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother for two years, instead of being committed to the cold charity of a public institution. To each contributor of \$73, or part of that amount, the name and address of the baby saved will be reported by LIFE. We have

For Babies No. 1 and No. 2.....\$146
A Friend of France, for Baby No. 3. 73
M. S. J., for Baby No. 4..... 2

\$221



A WATER-SPOUT

· LIFE ·

Motion Picture Sonnets

I

HOW was thine English wasted, O my Bard!
 What thou expressed in pentametric airs,
 Chanting in verse life's comedies and cares,
 Lo! Mary Pickford, in the world's regard,
 By looking like a picture postal-card,
 Can quite accomplish. Hear how laughter blares
 When Charley Chaplin, falling down the stairs,
 Kills Falstaff's jokes—and kills them very hard!

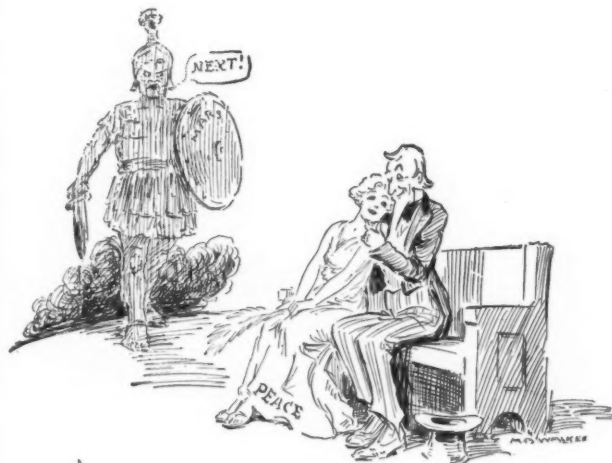
Ah, were it not far better had thy plays
 Been written not by scroll, but by the reel,
 A bright electric bulb to crown thy bays,
 Some movie star to spur poetic zeal,
 Muting Othello's rage or Lear's spout?
 The world's gone stale on language. Cut it out.

II

Ah, Shakespeare, hadst thou writ scenarios!
 "Great Five Reel Heart-Throb—HAMLET." Wit-
 ness here:

Scene: Castle—j.k. bromide—guards appear—
 Flash off—then Caption: "Golly, How It Blows!"
 Flash Ghost in F-B wardrobe warrior clothes—
 Register superstition, cold feet, fear. . . .
 Flash off—flash on trick down—the guards draw near
 And Caption: "That's the Old Man's Spook, I S'pose."

Thou needst not know the art that summons ghosts,
 Shaken from Hell by mastery of sound,
 The gift of words that conjures all the hosts
 Of restless Acheron from out the ground—
 Nay, hire some actors, choose a spot out West
 And let the camera do all the rest.



LOVE IS BLIND



Shade of Shakespeare: I WONDER HOW GREAT A FELLOW
 MUST BE BEFORE THEY NAME A THEATRE AFTER HIM?

III

Thy plays, O Will, were acted on the boards
 Of that old Globe whose stage was bleak and bare:
 Belasco's self could not improve thee there—
 Thy words made pictures. And those noble Lords
 Who heard brave Marc address the Roman hordes
 Saw Cæsar's City, pile on pile, upbear
 Arrogant domes and pinnacles in air
 Which thou madest living by the gift of words!

To-day there's too much noise, too little said.
 Accents grow thinner, dialogues more terse.
 "Step lively, please!" oft fuddles Thespis' head
 If she but dote a moment on her verse.
 Come, Poet, to the movies! Here's a seat.
 Now let's see life expressed—by hands and feet!

Wallace Irwin.



"O! What a noble mind is here o'erthrown"



William Shakespeare died at his residence, "New Place,"

April 23d, 1616

LIFE

Interviews with Dead Celebrities

I FOUND him sitting on the bank of the river at Stratford-on-Avon. He was alone. He smiled slightly, and without more ado said in a brisk voice (or what might have been one):

"Sit down. You are an American. I know them well. They pester me greatly. You have come to interview me. Tell me your errand quickly, and depart. I am a man of business."

"You are William Shakespeare, the greatest poet in the world," I replied.

"And one of the great men of business," he replied.

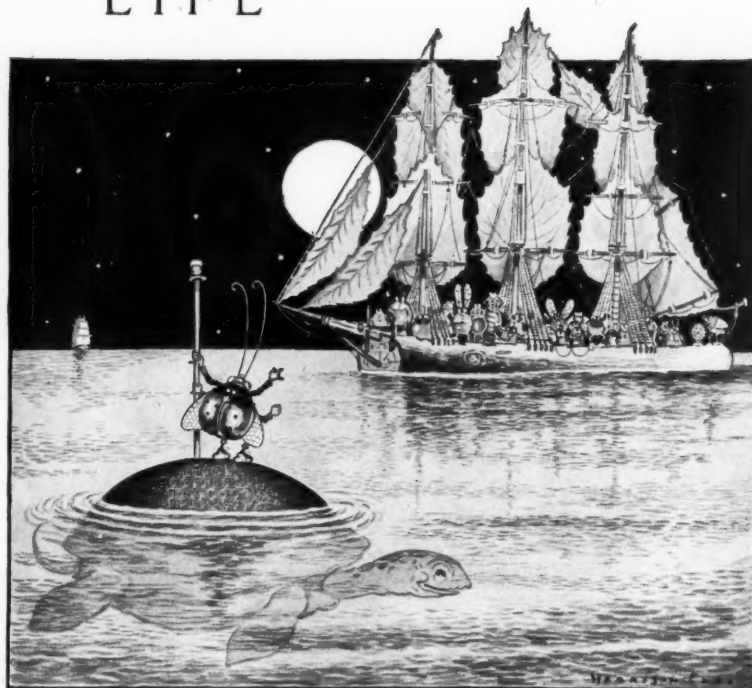
"You made your plays according to a particular method."

"I did not. I made them for the gallery. I made them for stupid Englishmen to understand."

"You have created a whole literature."

"I have created an entire foolishness. I was concerned with the business of the stage. I wrote plays to carry out the business. To this, I made every word count. I used words for a particular purpose, which was to make clear my idea; and my idea was to interest my audience. That was all I tried to do. In doing it I was obliged to learn the language, and to observe carefully all those things which, as business, I wished to introduce to produce my effects. My plays succeeded. I made money. I lived. I loved. I toiled. I had many friends. I died. What more is there to say about me?"

"Is it possible, Mr. Shakespeare, that you know nothing of modern psychology, of the imagist, of the futurist, the



TEUTON STRATEGY

German Bug: LAY TO, OR I'LL SEND YOU TO THE BOTTOM WITH ALL ON BOARD

cubist, the realist, the impressionist, of the annotated editions of your works, of the subtle distractions emanating from your sonnets, of the controversy over the various printings of your text?"

He gazed at me with lack-lustre eye. "Young man," he replied, "disturb not my peace. These later day decadences do not interest me. You are an American. Go back home, and stay there. Do not annoy me. I am a simple man. I am at peace with all the world. I am dead. I don't want to know what anyone thinks about me. Aroint thee!"

And I arointed.

In These Swift Days

AGNES: I went to Marian Frost's wedding yesterday morning.

GLADYS: You don't mean to say Marian Frost is married!

AGNES: Well, she was, up to yesterday afternoon.

BACHELORS and old maids are the result of looking before you leap.

A New Lesson from Shakespeare

TWO colored ladies, having been to see "Othello" played by people of their race, were heard discussing it.

"It seems to me, if dey wants to put de cullud folks on de stage, dat it would a been mo to dey credit if dey had took a gentleman like Booker Washington, what sticks to his own culluh at least."

"Law, honey, ain't you know de reason of dat?"

"No, I ain't."

"Why, it's to jess show de wuthlessness of a niggah marryin' a white lady; it's a parable o' de Scriptuah, you know."

"Mah goodness, woman, dat ain't Scriptuah—dat's Shakespeah!"

"Well, dat's jess de stage name for de Scriptuah."

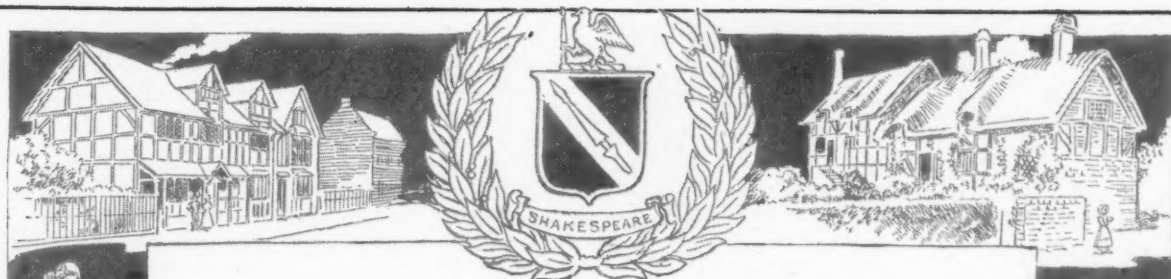
Financial Note

"POP, what is a promoter?"

"A promoter, my son, is a man who can make either a dollar or a penny look like thirty cents."



"THE TEMPEST." ACT I. SCENE I.



On Shakespeare

By G. K. Chesterton

MR. FRANK HARRIS, who in his really poignant and pathetic autobiography used the *nom de plume* of "Shakespeare," has, I hear, suddenly discovered that he is an American citizen. It makes an Englishman feel a little nervous; as if he might wake up in bed and suddenly remember that he was an Ancient Roman or a celebrated Russian dancer. There is nothing to be said, except that if Mr. Frank Harris is an American citizen he must be a very bad American citizen; for he was generally regarded as an English Jingo. But though Mr. Harris has apparently been a bad American and a bad Englishman, it is really probable that he would be a good German. Many of the more all-embracing of the Teutons say that Shakespeare was a German: and if Mr. Harris describes Shakespeare correctly it would seem as if they were right; for he describes the poet as sentimental and sulky and inordinately interested in himself, in defiance of all the facts of existence. I do not believe that Shakespeare was sulky; but then I am also sufficiently paradoxical not to believe that he was German. Mr. Harris made all Shakespeare's emotions revolve round himself and the Dark Lady; who was exactly like *Ophelia*, and also *Cleopatra*, as well as being the replica of *Desdemona* and the very image of *Lady Macbeth*. Anyhow, she was like all Shakespeare's heroines at once, Shakespeare being unable to imagine anyone else; and in that case she must have been a lady of highly complicated character, and what the nurses describe as "a handful." It is Mr. Harris' mission and excuse upon this earth to prove that the Dark Lady was Mary Fitton; a lady of whom nobody seems to know anything to speak of, except that she was fair. The objection to this line of study is, that if you ask who the Dark Lady was, you will go on to ask who Mr. W. H. was; and if you ask who Mr. W. H. was, you will go mad. There are probably people at this moment, in and out of asylums, who are proving that he was Mr. William Hohenzollern.

For my part, I very much doubt whether there ever was any Dark

(Continued on page 765)



PAUL GOULD



Children of the Bard

APRIL 23, 1564. 1616. 1916



SCENE: *A bit of lawn in Central Park surrounded by trees. The rays of the waning moon filter through the small, new leaves.*

TIME: *Between midnight and dawn, April 23, 1916.*

Enter PUCK

Puck. While now the foxy lawyer dreams of fees,
The Wall Street man of low finance,

And revelers eat and drink at ease,
While others to queer rag-time dance;
Now half-waked mothers still their crying babes,
And fathers snore in selfish sleep,
While countless Ikes and Sols and Abes
Are riding home in taxis cheap;
While coppers steal a doorway nap,
And milk carts just begin to clatter,
When yowling cats have ceased to scrap,
And all the town is free from chatter,
We fairy folk, and others in our train,
Are gathered here in precincts still,
All children of that mighty brain
That lived and died with Stratford's Will.

Soft music sounds, and through the trees appear shadowy forms that take shape as they speak.

First Shade. In me, from Denmark's gloomy palace, you will find

The questions and philosophy that stirred our master's mind.
Two Shades (*embraced in each other's arms*). And we,

although for our great love we died too soon,

Through him shall live so long as lovers love the moon.

Another Shade. And I his knowledge show of woman's love to flirt and trick,

But merry and witty, as will witness Benedick.

Another. So long as love and jealousy continue of twin birth,

Warring in passionate but suspicious hearts,

My name and tragic tale in all the earth

Shall live immortal through the master's arts.

Another. By taming haughty Kate, the master made me show
A thing or two the husband of to-day should know.

Another. Had I loved Cleopatra less and duty more,

Had I sought war, and dalliance foreswore,

Then had the master sent mine down to fame,

Coupled only with great Caesar's name.

Another. Malformed, ambitious, faithless, but immortal

By the master's password through fame's portal.

Another. To don boy's clothes of course was shocking,

To show more than girl should of her stocking,

Yet the poet's wit hath made the world agree

I was not guilty of immodesty.

Another. My cruel greed, my avarice, my hated race,

In his immortal roll give me my place.

Another. I'll live forever in my human peacock pose,

Vain, cross-gartered in my brain and on my hose.

Another. The world can ne'er forgive the assassin's trade,

Yet to have the world judge me I am not afraid

Since he my honesty hath patent made.

A Shade with Long White Beard and Flowing Locks. Old age finds few that sympathize,

But he hath made me pitiful in all men's eyes.

A Stout Shade. In fun he made me fat, and fond of dames and sack,

In his great family the one of broadest back.

A Shade with a Candle. A murdress yet a wife, sharing with her spouse

His ruthless ambition to advance his house.

A Shade in Armor. Against might and power to storm the breach,

Bravery's the virtue he hath made me teach.

A Band of Shades with Crowns (*in unison*). We are the historic kings, now turned to dust,

Whose records as he wrote them we find just.

All the Remaining Shades. We are the other, countless, less-known folk,

Each drawn to life in speech and look and limb,

To win a tear or point a joke;

Whate'er we are, we owe to him.

PUCK enters on a Moonbeam

Puck. Now sounds the early note

Of the bird who wakes the other birds;

Its echo sounds from trees remote

While growing blue the horizon girds.

Old folks begin to stir in bed,

And sleeping maids rejoice in dreams

Of loving swains they hope to wed—

All signs of coming dawn, meseems.

So now, sweet friends, the hour has come

When we must part, to meet again

As oft as mortals gain pleasure from

The lines writ by our master's pen.

We, proud children of his fantasy,

Three hundred years and more have played,

And generations yet unborn shall see

Us playing still to nations yet unmade.

So glide we now on our eternal way,

Undying creatures, born from Shakespeare's brain,

Some young, some old, some grave, some gay,

But still his children we shall e'er remain.

Now join we in our vernal song,

Whose virtue is it is not long.

All Sing

April's tears bring joys of May,
Sing roundelay, hey, roundelay;
Three hundred years are but a day,
Sing roundelay, hey, roundelay;
When Avon joined with Thames's
flood,
And London's mixed with Stratford's
blood,
Tears and time were wiped away;
Sing roundelay, hey, roundelay.

There's time to work and time to pray,
Sing roundelay, hey, roundelay;
But time's well spent to see us play,
Sing roundelay, hey, roundelay:
With us all sorrow's soon forgot,
We've joy for those who have it not,
Our labor drives dull care away,
Sing roundelay, hey, roundelay.

*During the closing strains the moon-
light slowly changes to day, and the
Shades withdraw from sight among the
trees.*

“RIO GRANDE” takes us behind the scenes of garrison life in the United States army. In his curtain speech Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author, vouched for the authenticity of the atmosphere by thanking, in name, the officers who had given him opportunity to make his studies. The resulting story goes to prove that life at an army post isn't much different from what it is anywhere else when too young women marry too old men and there are idle moments for the temptation of the youthful lover to get in its trouble-making possibilities. The trouble in this particular case means melodrama in realistic military surroundings, with murders, suicides and attempted violence directed at the young heroine by a non-commissioned officer acting as her elderly husband's orderly. In the ridiculously improbable situation thereby developed Mr. Thomas must have had in mind a similar dilemma concerning a woman's ignorance set forth some twenty-five years ago, also on the Empire stage, in a play called “The Conquerors.” But that is only a detail in the present drama, which is well acted, well staged, and which goes back to the old theory that a play should tell a story, and tell it so graphically that the audience is kept interested.

In this sense “Rio Grande” is a good play, better than some that Mr. Thomas has written in pseudo-scientific vein. It is worth seeing by those who go to the

theatre to be entertained rather than educated.

FOR evangelical reasons the Reverend Mr. Jasper contended that “de sun do move,” and for business reasons the present proprietors of the Barnum and Bailey show are demonstrating at the Madison Square Garden that the circus also moves, in the way of providing new sensations. There are really novel and interesting features in this year's circus, which is about as much like the circus of our youthful years as a modern battleship is like a Roman galley.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—“Cohan's Revue 1916.” Good girl-and-music show as a background for unusually clever and laughable burlesques on plays at other theatres.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players. Four interesting and amusing playlets done in amusing but somewhat amateurish fashion.

Belasco.—“The Boomerang,” by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Comedy of the day, wittily written and admirably staged.

Booth.—“The Co-Respondent,” by Rita Weiman and Alice Leal Pollock. Notice later.

Candler.—John Galsworthy's “Justice.” Unusually well staged and well played propaganda drama directed at the British treatment of imprisoned criminals. Sombre but interesting.

Casino.—“The Blue Paradise.” Pleasant and melodic comic operetta of the Viennese type.

Cohan's.—Mitzi Hajos in “Pom-Pom.” Exceptionally amusing and well-presented comic operetta with a lot of original fun.

Comedy.—“The Fear Market,” by Amélie Rives. Drama of journalistic blackmail, absorbing in interest and well done.

Cort.—“The Blue Envelope,” by Messrs. Hatch and Homans. Rather amusing farce constructed along familiar lines.

Criterion.—Mr. Brandon Tynan's play, “The Melody of Youth,” with the author as star. Picturesque and romantic Irish comedy with clever lines and amusing situations.

Eltinge.—“Fair and Warmer,” by Mr. Avery Hopwood. The remarkable effects of alcoholic indulgence on an inexperienced young couple. Extremely funny farce.

Empire.—“Rio Grande,” by Mr. Augustus Thomas. See above.

Forty-fourth Street.—Moving-picture version of Helen Hunt Jackson's “Ramona.” Very elaborate film drama of the West.

Forty-eighth Street.—“Just a Woman,” by Mr. Eugene Walter. The demoralizing effect of sudden wealth on a married couple who had outlived their early romance. Strong situation, well staged.

Fulton.—Film drama with Edna May.

Gaiety.—Mrs. Fiske in “Erstwhile Susan.” Mrs. Fiske's comedy methods amusingly applied to a character stranded in the narrow life of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Globe.—Pavlowa in moving picture of “The Mute of Portici.”

Harris.—“Hit-the-Trail Holliday,” by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Fun cleverly extracted from the career of a professional prohibitionist and revivalist, suggested by the doings of Billy Sunday.

Hippodrome.—“Hip-Hip-Hooray.” Ice carnival, vaudeville features, ballet and spectacle, all big and brilliant.

Hudson.—“The Cinderella Man,” by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Pleasantly performed and diverting sentimental comedy.

Knickerbocker.—Weekly changing bill of moving-picture plays with well-known legitimate actors in the leading rôles.

Longacre.—“The Great Lover,” by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein. Most interesting and well-acted comedy drama with the story laid among grand-opera artists.

Lyceum.—“The Heart of Wetona,” by Mr. George Scarborough. Well staged and well acted, but not epoch-making sex drama, the interest enhanced by the introduction of Indian characters.

Lyric.—“Katinka.” Tuneful comic operetta of the usual sort, pleasantly rendered.

Madison Square Garden.—The Barnum and Bailey circus. See above.

Maxine Elliott's.—Mr. Louis Mann in “The Bubble.” German dialect domestic comedy.

New Amsterdam.—“Henry the Eighth,” produced by Sir Herbert Tree. Interesting spectacular setting of the historical drama with the English actor-manager as Cardinal Wolsey.

Playhouse.—Grace George and her excellent company in Shaw's comedy, “Captain Brassbound's Conversion.” A good presentation of the author's early comedy of feminine optimism and diplomacy.

Princess.—“Very Good, Eddie.” Girl-and-music show based on the farce “Overnight.” Tuneful and daintily done.

Punch and Judy.—“Treasure Island.” Robert Louis Stevenson's famous pirate story re-told in picturesque, interesting and very well presented stage version.

Republic.—“Common Clay,” by Mr. Cleves Kinkaid. Excellent cast in interesting drama dealing with the old theme of the injustice of the law of the sexes.

Shubert.—“The Great Pursuit,” by C. Haddon Chambers. Polite comedy of English society life, cleverly written and well acted.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Lou Tellegen in “A King of Nowhere,” by J. and L. Macpherson. Romantic comedy of the later days of Henry VIII. Original and well acted.

Winter Garden.—Robinson Crusoe, Jr., with Mr. Al Jolson as the featured comedian. An elaborate menu of chorus girls, rag-time and brilliant settings adapted to the appetite of the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Dancing, eating, drinking and clever cabaret performance beginning at midnight and intended for the relief of the sun-dodgers.



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"OH, JAMES, WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT SOMETHING IN THE PLATE?"
 "BECAUSE THAT'S THE MAN WHO SOLD ME THE SECOND-HAND CAR. I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM
 WITH A NICKEL."

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"Nothing but big-time acts."—Miss Columbia, Mgr.

THE MINIATURE NAVY. Direction, the Hon. Josephus Daniels, N.C.B. An exact reproduction in miniature of any standard fleet of dreadnaughts. Real water is employed in the staging. Patrons seem never to tire of this act.

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THE VILLA VILLAINS. Mexican troupe in a series of murders, outrages, pillages and other native pastimes. The use of American lives and property adds great interest to the act.

W. J. BRYAN, *Sweet Singer of Sweet Songs.* Mr. Bryan's offering includes the following successes: "I Didn't Raise My Dove to Be a Vulture," "The End of the Perfect Peace," "People, I Am Growing Old," "I Hear You Calling Me," "There's a Little Spark of Hope Still Burning."

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"CAN you alter that gown to fit me, do you think?"
 "Certainly not, mademoiselle. That isn't done any more. You must be altered to fit the gown."



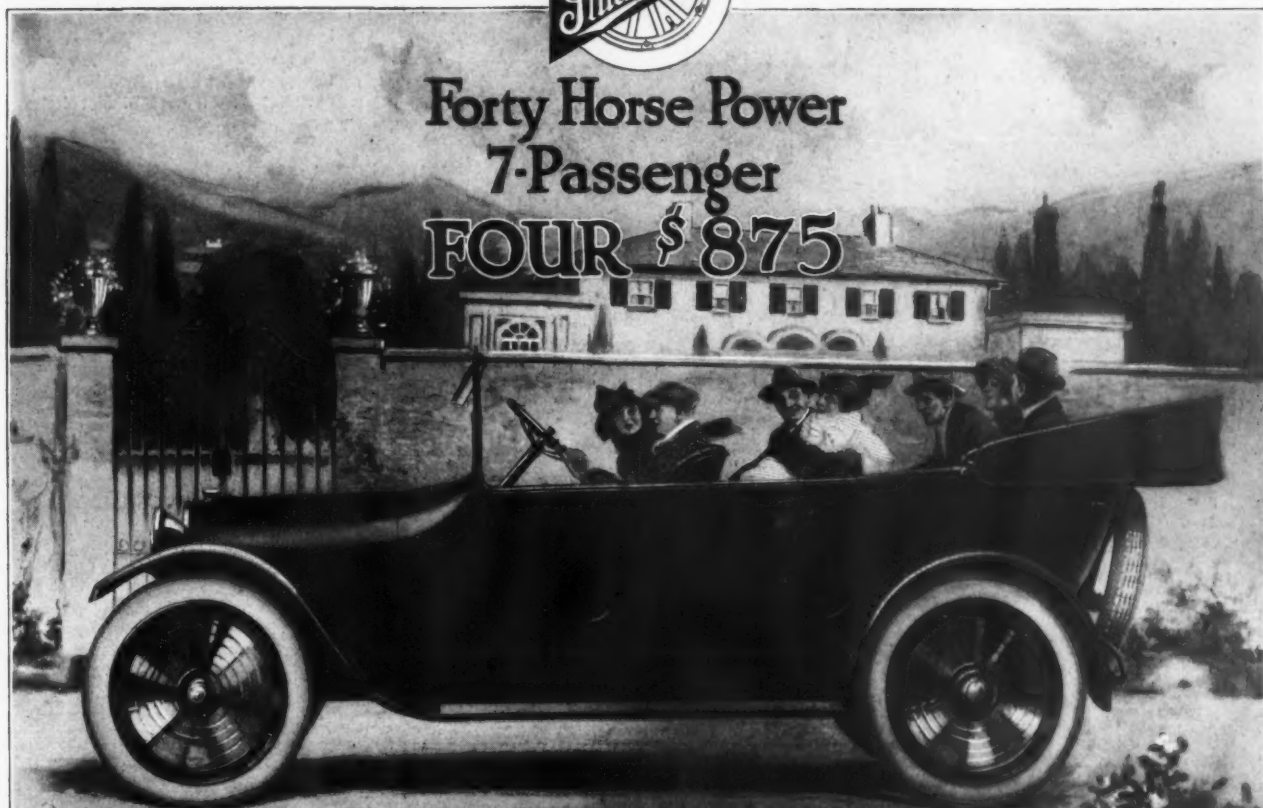
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they ran along without one car experiencing the slightest mechanical troubles.

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A visiting minister, preaching in a town famous for its horse races, vigorously denounced the sport. The principal patron of the church always attended the races, and of this the clergyman was later informed.

"I am afraid I touched one of your weaknesses," said the pastor, not wishing to offend the wealthy one, "but it was quite unintentional, I assure you."

"Oh, don't mind that," said the sportsman genially. "It's a mighty poor sermon that don't hit me somewhere."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Misleading

Johnson, a bachelor, had been to call on his sister, and was shown the new baby. The next day some friends asked him to describe the new arrival. The bachelor replied: "Um—very small features, clean shaven, red faced and a very hard drinker!"—*London Opinion*.



THE BABY GRAND

Joe's Diagnosis

A colored man entered the general store of a small Ohio town and complained to the storekeeper that a ham that he had purchased there a few days before had proved not to be good.

"The ham is all right, Joe," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the other. "Dat ham's sure bad."

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

Joe reflected solemnly a moment, and then suggested:

"Maybe it's done had a relapse."

—*Youth's Companion*.

"MONEY doesn't always bring happiness."

"That may be true enough; but it's one of the things we all prefer to learn by personal experience."

—*Boston Transcript*.

AUTOMOBILE ENTHUSIAST: That car of mine climbs hills like a mountain goat!

CYNIC: Yes, I've often noticed how it skips.—*Record*.

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TRUCKS



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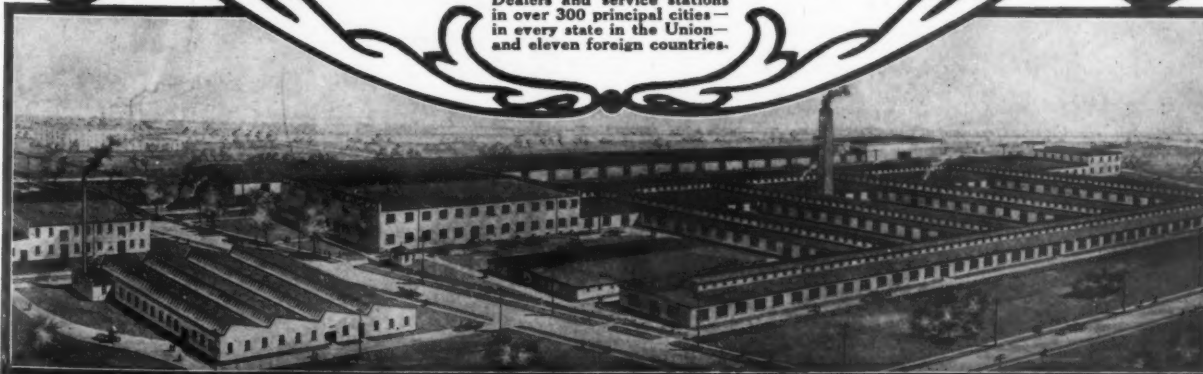
Below is a recent view of the Republic Motor Truck Company's plant at Alma, Michigan—built to produce the tenfold output made necessary by the demand of the last two years. This factory, designed and equipped for the manufacture of trucks *exclusively*, is operated by an organization with fourteen years' experience in motor truck building.

Republic Trucks are called **The Nickel Steel Trucks** because of the liberal use of this material in every part of excessive strain.

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Dealers and service stations
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in every state in the Union—
and eleven foreign countries.



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Going Up

TRAVELER: I say, what are you people so proud about? Last time I came here everybody was very friendly, and now I can hardly get a person to speak.

UNCLE EBEN: You'll pardon us, but it's our town pride. You see, Joe Summers picked up a guidebook that fell out of a motor-car last week and we found that the old tannery swamp is a mountain tarn, Simmons' stone quarry a precipice, Bill Moodler's beer-house a wayside inn, and the whole country chock full of historical antidotes and delusions.

—Toledo Blade.

"My voice is for war."

"But are you willing to offer the rest of yourself?"—Boston Transcript.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!



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You are never at a loss to "know what to do" when you own an "Old Town Canoe." There is never-ending pleasure in paddling around cool, shady stream or lake. "Old Town Canoes" are staunch and serviceable—the favorite of woodsmen. Price \$30 up. 4000 canoes ready to ship. Easy to buy from dealer or factory. Write for catalog and get ready for the first days of summer.



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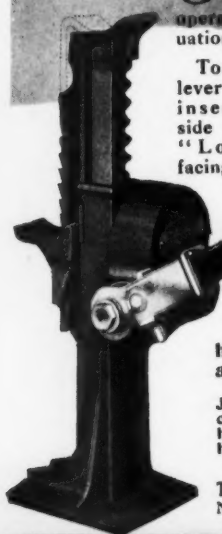
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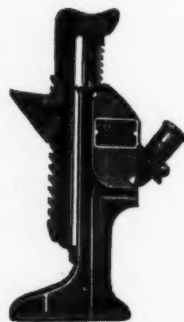
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After the Raid

"In your place, I wouldn't rebuild. I would leave the ruins as an example of the atrocities of the barbarians."

"Well—I'll consent not to rebuild my house on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That I go live in yours."

—L'Illustration.

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The time of lilies, of budding Spring—Easter—redolent of beauty.

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Burglar (to lawyer): GOO-BYE, BOSS; IT MIGHT INTEREST YE T' KNOW DAT YOUSE SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED ME IN COURT LAST MONTH.

On Shakespeare

(Continued from page 757)

Lady. Tennyson said, in a poem in many ways quite as egoistic as the Sonnets:

"I will take some savage woman,
she shall rear my dusky race."

Tennyson lived in such very public privacy in the Isle of Wight, that we know he never carried out this adventurous intention in a literal sense. But if he had not, if he had gone about his business among other men like a sensible fellow, as Shakespeare did, his private life would probably be as little known as Shakespeare's. He would have been lost in a crowd. And in that case we should have these critics who ask "Who Was the Dark Lady?" asking, in the same style, "Who Was the Dusky Woman?" And we should have the Harrises and Shaws of the future saying that it was Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Or if Mrs. Ward's hair happens really to be dark (a final disqualification) then it was Ellen Terry in a black wig. And those who think as I do would have to put their opinions in a comic paper, in order to point out that marrying a black woman is one thing and talking about marrying her quite another; that Tennyson did not, in point of fact, marry a black woman; or that she was not so black as he painted her.

Critics say that little is known about "the Man Shakespeare." But, to judge by the critics, even less is known about

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But in periods of unusual work or worry, the normal diet does not supply sufficient of these vital foods to replace and repair the wasted body cells and nerve tissues. Then the joy goes from work, and the body lags at its task.

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That is why Hon. W. C. Adamson, M. C., Chairman, Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, was able to write that he had "found Sanatogen valuable to restore wasted energies and to compose the nerves in cases of long-sustained effort." And why Sir Gilbert Parker was able to acclaim Sanatogen "a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to overworked body and mind."

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"the Poet Shakespeare": for he is allowed to be almost everything except a poet. He is a philosopher, a lawyer, nay, a Lord Chancellor. The Germans seem to maintain, not that he was a German poet, but rather that he was a German professor. Let us suppose that Shakespeare writes a charming and irresponsible play with the very irresponsible title of "As You Like It," in which there is a still more irresponsible song, which begins like this:

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey
nonny no."

The German professors will proceed to reconstruct the second line like a Latin inscription. Very likely they will say it is a Latin inscription; and they will print it like this:

"(with a) ..haec.. (and a) ..hoc
..(and a) ..haec nonne no(n)."

using, you observe, the double negative permitted in Latin in a manner more extreme even than that established by





Cave Life or Civilization

Civilized man is distinguished from the cave man by his habit of co-operation.

The cave man lived for and by himself; independent of others, but always in danger from natural laws.

To the extent that we assist one another, dividing up the tasks, we increase our capacity for production, and attain the advantages of civilization.

We may sometimes disregard our dependence on others. But suppose the farmer, for example, undertook to live strictly by his own efforts. He might eke out an existence, but it would not be a civilized existence nor would it satisfy him.

He needs better food and clothes and shelter and implements than he could provide unassisted. He requires a market for his surplus products, and the means of transportation and exchange.

He should not forget who makes his

clothes, his shoes, his tools, his vehicles and his tableware, or who mines his metals, or who provides his pepper and salt, his books and papers, or who furnishes the ready means of transportation and exchange whereby his myriad wants are supplied.

Neither should he forget that the more he assists others the more they can assist him.

Take the telephone specialists of the Bell System: the more efficient they are, the more effectively the farmer and every other human factor of civilization can provide for their own needs and comforts.

Or take our government, entrusted with the task of regulating, controlling and protecting a hundred million people. It is to the advantage of everyone that the government shall be so efficient in its special task that all of us may perform our duties under the most favorable conditions. Interdependence means civilized existence.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

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Universal Service



THE FLIRT



Gruncke's Law: though Gruncke was with all the world-enlightening scholar's necessities equipped. Or, if they do not do that, they will read it as an old English agricultural proverb, beginning "With a hay and a hoe"; and about the word "nonny" they will tell you to Cf Chaucer Cant. Pil. 971 b xii. And when you have cf'd Chaucer, you will find he speaks of "the none priest"; and you will learn that the passage is a protest against the territorial and agricultural powers possessed by the medieval clergy up to the dissolution of the monasteries, just before Shakespeare's time. Shall the Nun and the Priest control our hays and our hoes? "No!" exclaims Shakespeare the universal world-soul, here proving that he is with the heart-thoughts of our German Luther at one. And if you venture to say that people don't hoe hay, whatever they may do with potatoes, you will be told that you have not with our great Hegel reconciled the Is Not with the Is. Or they will tell you that Hey and Ho were two ancient gods (cf Hermes and Horus) of whom the Illuminati including Shakespeare were secret adherents; and that "nonny no" is connected with the old Roman Nones, and the Lord knows what. They will read and reread that sentence, and spell it backwards, and number its letters, and try it as anagram, and write it in Coptic to see if it looks nicer; but there is one thing they will never do to it. It will never occur to them to sing it; or, in other words, to remember that it is meant to be part of a song. In fact, the sight of a thoroughly Germanized commentator suddenly singing in the British Museum Library would be quite startling, and would

SAY WHEN, MAN!

King George IV
WHISKY

The **TOP-NOTCH** Scotch
Non-refillable bottle

undoubtedly attract remark. If the critics did this all sorts of things would happen to them; but, among other things, they would discover that the voice is lifted and the stress laid on the second "hey"; or in other words, that Shakespeare was a poet and that they are a pack of idiots. All that these people can do is mystification; which means the making of mysteries, not the recognition of them. But even among the mysteries which really exist, they prefer these, like the Dark Lady, about which they are in the dark. There are many much



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(Pronounced E-vet)

"For Smart Desserts"

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Book of signed recipes by well-known Chefs, sent free.

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The new "Rough Cut" method cuts or breaks each of these choice tobaccos in such manner as will preserve and enhance the natural flavor of the leaf, and intensify its characteristic aroma.

If you are the one man in a hundred whose cultivated tobacco taste is hard to satisfy, there is a luxury in the pipe that you have never enjoyed. It awaits you in your first pipeful of BLUE BOAR.

Blue Boar

ROUGH CUT

At good tobacco shops—In the new air-and-moisture-proof package

25c



brighter ladies who are just as incomprehensible and more worth comprehending. They are to be found in any number in the plays of Shakespeare and not in his biographies: for it is not in a man's biography that we can read his life.

As I have already suggested, I neither know nor care whether Shakespeare either knew or cared about anybody named Mary Fitton. That he cared at some time about somebody I

am very certain. I do not even admit that there was any Dark Lady. But there was something. There was something which Shakespeare thought, and these Shakespearians apparently do not think, worth writing about:

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey
nonny no."

or, in other words, with all the world-revolving life's-necessities equipped.



BUY Clicquot Club Ginger Ale by the case from your grocer or druggist. Keep it on ice. Let each member of the family treat himself whenever he wishes. The first bottle, with its high carbonation, delicate flavoring and penetrating wetness, will explain why Clicquot Club has walked away with the reputation for being the Quality Ginger Ale of America. Winner of Medal of Honor, Panama-Pacific Exposition. Clicquot mixes better than charged water in every sort of a drink where charged water would be used.

It's Pronounced Klee-ko

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.

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on page 758 of this issue of LIFE, may be had on application to the undersigned.

Acting edition, with additional text and full stage directions, suitable for professional and amateur use, for schools, societies, lodges, etc., sent postpaid on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.

PROBONO PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street New York City

"Declined with Thanks"

THE following letter has just been unearthed in the collection of a London antiquarian:

To Willm. Shakespeare,

At ye Signe of ye Bore's Hedde.

Sirre: Yr ms. of a playe yclept Hamlet hath been redde by oure reder of mss. & hath proven unacceptable. We praye you noate yt ye returnyng of anye ms. doth notte impleye yt it is notte a goodlye product, but onely yt it hath notte beene found entyrelly suitable toe oure neades.

We have ye honour toe remayne,
Yr humble sarvent,
ZEIGLER & GOLDMARKE.

Impossible Conversations

"ARE you interested in the masses?" She was the president of one ethical society, one church guild, chairman of a committee on slums and had a house in town and a camp in the Adirondacks.

He was a magnate who had started in as a Wall Street broker and put through enough railroad deals to make himself a multimillionaire.

"Mildly. Are you?"

"They furnish a method of killing time, which is valuable. When I come near to them and am a witness to the misery and suffering amongst them—frankly, it stirs me."

"But not in the way that you think."

"Possibly not. I would make them better if I could."

"But would you sacrifice yourself to make them better?"

"Certainly not. Why should I? I am not responsible for them. Are you?"

He winced.

"I really don't know. Sometimes I think I am. Then I think I am an actual benefactor."

"But I really feel grateful, you know, to the masses. They make such a splendid background for one's social activities. But you must answer also. Would you sacrifice yourself for them?"

He smiled faintly.

"I have," he replied. "I have sacrificed pretty much everything inside of me in order to exploit them. They support us both."

She shook her head.

"Nonsense!" she replied. "They may support you—but you support me!"

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Stewart Hartshorn

Stewart Hartshorn Co.

Dept. 30 E. Newark, N. J.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Mother Goose Steps

I

RIDE a Cock Horse to Old Charing Cross

To see the great Kaiser upon a black horse.

With spoils for his people and death for his foes

He's sure to spread *Kultur* wherever he goes.

II

Rock-a-bye babies in the house-top,
When the bombs drop the houses will rock,

When the bombs break the houses will fall—

Down will come babies, mothers and all.

III

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The French in the meadow, the Slav in the corn.

Where are the boys that looked after the sheep?

Are they under a haystack fast asleep?

IV

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any fat?

Yes, sir; yes, sir, I have that.

Some for the Kaiser and some for his train—

There's something about them you'll like—



Twenty for a Quarter

Herbert
Tareyton
London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
1/4 Pound 50¢ — Sample upon request
Falk Tobacco Co. 56 West 45th St. New York.



THERE are three evils with which every car must contend — *jolt, jar and vibration*. They are *successfully* combated by the

***Hartford**
SHOCK ABSORBER

which applies the proven principle of frictional absorption to their elimination.

Rough road conditions incite abnormal spring action. When roads are rough, effective spring control is essential for riding comfort. The Hartford Shock Absorber affords such control through frictionally-acting discs which anticipate every violent movement of an automobile spring, dissipating the excess energy thereof and perfecting the function of the spring.

Jolt, jar and vibration are robbed of their power to cause discomfort to you or harm to your car, when you use the Hartford Shock Absorber.

Mention make, year and model of car and we will send you our "Comfort Chart," which tells how to make your particular car doubly comfortable and longer-lived.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY
EDWARD V. HARTFORD, President
192 Morgan Street JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Makers of the Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, E. V. Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper, Red Rack Jack.

Branches: New York Boston Chicago
Distributors in principal cities. Dealers everywhere
★ Formerly Truffault Hartford

But none for the poor folk back in the lane.

V

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of shot—

Four-and-twenty Belgians paying all they've got.

When their hands are empty, then they'll have to swing—

Won't that be a merry sight to cheer the Kaiser King?

Eugene F. Beecher.



Malt, of all foods, is one of the most quickly turned by digestion into nourishment. The best of malt is used in making Budweiser—hence its food value. Immaculate cleanliness in process and surroundings and perfect pasteurization of product and bottles make Budweiser a pure beverage. So—there's pure food and drink in

Budweiser

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS.

Bottled at the Brewery

What Shakespeare Said of Life

"GIVE me LIFE."

"Now for my LIFE."

"This LIFE is most jolly."

"It is a LIFE that I have desired."

"My LIFE, my joy, my food!"

"He seeks my LIFE; his reason well I know."

"His LIFE I gave him."

"LIFE every man holds dear."

"A man would run for LIFE."

"Promise me LIFE and I'll confess."

"I am bound for LIFE and education."

"For LIFE I prize it."

"Except my LIFE, except my LIFE, except my LIFE."

Extract from a Hitherto Unpublished Letter from Mrs. William Shakespeare to Her Friend Mrs. Francis Bacon

AND do you knowe, my deare, that since Will began to sell ye motion picture ryghtes to his stuffe he hath given uppe wryghtinge plays for ye legytte (soe do they vulgarly call ye authentick stage, I do believe), and spendeth all his tyme in concocting these bastarde scenarios. Whereby it is true he is like to win muche usefulle coine but I cannot but bewaile the facte as it leadeth him amonge many curious and uncouth folke, if not worse. And there is a certaine Mistresse Pyckforde, a player for the fillums (soe they dub these photoe playes), with whom Will avowes hymselfe to be monstrously in love—you knowe, my deare, how silly he hath ever beene where women are in question—and indeede he spendeth houres upon houres at ye studio where Mistresse P. is acting Rosalind for ye fillum version of *As You Like It*. Moreover he hath been approached by a companie of traffickers in these matters who wish to contracte with him for ye picture ryghtes of all his playes, now wrytten and to come; or, as Will vulgarly putteth it, they wish to buy hym uppe, locke, stocke, barrell and bunge. I am heartily sick of ye whole motion

FOR A COLD—HOT TODDY

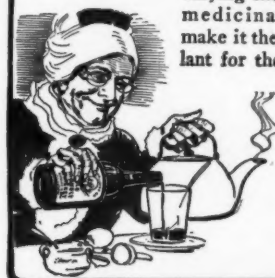
GRANDMOTHER knows well the value of a hot toddy for a cold—an unfailing remedy ever since her girlhood days. Especially, when it's made with strong pure



Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

—a full-bodied, straight Pennsylvania whiskey that possesses an absolutely unvarying excellence. Its medicinal properties make it the ideal stimulant for the sick.



A.
Overholt
&
Co.
Pittsburgh,
Pa.



YOU CAN

*make your skin
what you would
love to have it*

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As old skin dies, new skin forms. Every day, in washing, you rub off the dead skin.

This is your opportunity—you can make the new skin what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Tonight—

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. This treatment with it will make your skin freer and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale at dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 2525 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address the **Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2525 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**

picture business and wishe they would leave Will alone, then mayhappe he wolde come home from ye Knickerbocker Barre before curfew.

I heare from Will that yr. goode husbände hath syndickated his essays for a very handsome summe, which doth heartilye rejoice me.

Thine owne

ANNE HATHAWAY SHAKESPEARE.

Pacifists

SOME sparrows hit upon the device of building their nest in the mouth of a cannon. "It affords shelter," they pointed out, in defense of their unusual course, "and what is more, by building there we shall do something for peace."

Years passed, and there grew up a younger and more progressive generation of sparrows. "That old cannon," they protested, "would never be fired, anyway. What do you gain for peace by nesting in a weapon so obsolete?"

So saying, they built in the mouth of a modern 42-centimeter gun, and were very happy, too, until the exigencies of world politics caused them to be blown to bits.

"Evidently," reflected the old sparrow, as the smoke lifted a little, "peace is not to be forced upon the world more than about so fast."

Perfume Personality

Selection of your perfume is an art—odors carry suggestion—they reveal your inner self, your personality, in fact.

Cultivate the habit of choosing the appropriate perfume—a perfume that suits your personality. You can, for there is an imported odor that has been made for you by the master Perfumer of Paris—

Rigaud

(Pronounced REE-GO)

"The Lilac Girl"

—he can help you find your perfume affinity.

Mary Garden

The Sunny Disposition

For the woman brimming with sympathy, with the dimpled smile and sunny disposition mirrored in her eyes, the perfect perfume is

Lilas de Rigaud

—the sweet fragrance of the Lilac fixed permanently in all its natural freshness by the master art of RIGAUD (pronounced Ree-go).

Extract \$1.00 and up
Face Powder \$1.00

This Style
\$3.50



LILAS de RIGAUD
Toilet Water, Talcum,
Sachet, Cold Cream, Bath
Salts, Soap

The Emotional Type

The woman possessed of temperament, with profoundly sincere feelings, pulsating with strong, appealing emotions, finds the best expression of herself in

MARY GARDEN

This original creation of RIGAUD (pronounced Ree-go) is undoubtedly the favorite perfume today. It is a voluptuous blend of flower odors.

Extract \$1.00 and up
Face Powder \$1.00 and \$2.00

This Style
\$4.50



MARY GARDEN
Toilet Water, Talcum,
Sachet, Cold Cream, Soap,
Solid Rouge, Face Powder

FREE Make your choice of one only of these distinctive RIGAUD Perfumes—take the attached coupon to your Dealer and he will give you (or obtain for you) a free specimen of any one of these perfumes.

These specimens are expensive productions, pray, therefore, use discretion in selecting the one suitable for your personality—the one RIGAUD especially made for you. Write your name on the coupon and take to your drug store or department store today.

Take This Free Coupon To Your Drug-
glet or Department Store Today
Please deliver to bearer one FREE Specimen of
Check here ☐ Lilas de Rigaud Face Powder
☐ Mary Garden

If you have no more samples, sign below and forward
this coupon to us and we will send sample to you, all
charges paid. See that Customer's name is on coupon and we
will then write it on the sample so that when you receive the
sample you will remember for whom it was intended.

RIGAUD, 75 Barrow St., New York

Dealer's name.....

Address.....

Customer's name..... L. A.



"... Among other treasures, Captain Wells offered us paper rolls of tobacco grown in the Virginias called cigarettes; all neatly shaped and which proved an even neater smoke."

PREFERRED BY GENTLEMEN NOW AS THEN

The quaint, old-time delicacy of their "bright" Virginia tobacco has always given Richmond Straight Cuts a charm all their own. The first high grade cigarettes made in the United States, they invite you to smoke Virginia tobacco at its best.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT

Cigarettes

PLAIN OR CORK TIP
Fifteen cents

Also in attractive tins,
50 for 40 cents; 100
for 75 cents. Sent pre-
paid if your dealer can-
not supply you

Allen & Lindor RICHMOND, Virginia, U.S.A.
LIGGETT & SMITH TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS.



Real Waste

FIRST COAL OPERATOR: You don't think, then, these miners ought to have an increase in wages? It

wouldn't make any difference to us, because we would add the increase to the price of coal.

SECOND COAL OPERATOR: Well, we'd do that anyway.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

There is Beauty in Every Jar

Send us 6c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing, and get free our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room sizes. Address

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
Established 1885
Windsor, Ont.
38 Tenth St. Detroit, U. S. A.

Preserves Good Complexions. Improves Bad Complexions.

The Point of View

Some press cuttings taken from an old scrap-book dated about 1590. The name in front indicates that it was the property of one W. Shakespeare.

DOUBLE SUICIDE AND MURDER!
Special from the Verona *Poniard*

ALL Verona was shocked to learn of the double suicide of Juliet Capulet and Romeo Montague this morning, following the murder of Tybalt Capulet by young Montague. The last is a well-known young clubman-about-town whose engagement to Miss Rosaline — was announced in these columns a few months ago. Montague persuaded Miss Juliet Capulet, young daughter of the West End Capulets, to elope with him under promise of marriage. Her cousin Tybalt was killed while endeavoring to effect her rescue. Fearing the consequences of his crime, Montague and Miss Capulet committed suicide, their bodies being found in the cemetery this morning. This is the most shocking thing which has taken place in Verona since the feud between our two leading families started.

HEIR TO THRONE GOES MAD!

From Danish *Denouncer*

The sad facts in the case of the young heir apparent are at last made public. In spite of his brilliant prospects; heir to the Danish throne; betrothed to a charming lady of the court, Miss Ophelia Polonius, Hamlet,

Faultless

Since 1881

Pajamas



Night Shirts

Preparedness
for
restful slumber

E. Rosenfeld & Co. Baltimore and New York

The FRANKLIN CAR



ONE of the most interesting things in the whole automobile situation is the type of men who own and drive Franklin Cars.

The list of Franklin owners shows a most remarkable average as to *substantial rating* and *strong position* in affairs.

The typical Franklin owner is a successful man who thinks

for himself: and who owes his place in the world to his habit of *getting the facts* and using his *own judgment*.

The point we make is that the Franklin owner as a rule is a man who can afford any price car. He sees in the Franklin the *best use of his money*—and his whole habit of life has taught him to seek *efficiency*.

Every practical-minded motorist should read the new book, "Why the Average Motorist's Dollar is Shrinking." Send us your name on a post card for a copy.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

son of the late king, has been pronounced insane. Melancholia, taking the form of hallucinations in regard to his mother, the Queen, and her husband, is the diagnosis. The *Denouncer* hopes that the malady will yield to the skillful care of the royal physicians.

IN THEIR BROTHERS' CLOTHES!

From the Arden *Falling Leaves*

Three young women were arrested yesterday for wearing men's apparel. They gave their names as Rosalind, Imogen and Viola. It is believed that they are co-eds out for some prank, but they are being held pending investigation.

'WARE THE VICINITY OF THE THANE OF CAWDOR!

Special from the Inverness *Despatch*

A shocking murder took place near the home of the Macbeths last evening. General Banquo, on his way to dine at the Thane of Cawdor's, was stabbed to death by three armed men, according to the testimony of his son, Fleance Banquo, who escaped.

As this is the second murder which has taken place in that part of town (our readers will recall the death of Duncan King under very mysterious circumstances a few weeks ago), the public is hereby warned against lingering in that neighborhood after dark. In regard to Duncan King, who was found dead in bed in the palatial guest-chamber of the Macbeths, the police promise some interesting developments which may involve some men higher up. The Inverness police are always

DETROIT SPRINGS

SELF LUBRICATING

SAVE TIRES
Absorb the shocks of rough roads

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS CO.
Detroit Michigan

on the job. Don't forget to buy tickets for their benefit. They deserve it.

TROUBLE IN THE LEAR FAMILY

From London *Town Topics*

The Lear daughters have just succeeded in having a conservator appointed for their family. There is still some friction in the family, however, Miss Goneril and Miss Regan wishing to confine the old man in an asylum, while Miss Cordelia opposes the plan.

Embarrassing hairs quickly removed with one application of this famous preparation. Society and stage beauties of Paris and New York have used it the last 75 years. Approved by physicians and dermatologists.

X. BAZIN

DEPILATORY POWDER

50c and \$1 at all good druggists. Try a bottle today. Avoid dangerous substitutes. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to

X. BAZIN
222 Washington St.,
New York





Just "Exploring"

'WAY up among the weedy, snaggy shallows, where motor boats and launches never penetrate—too far from home to row—there's where you can "explore" to your heart's content, if there's an Evinrude on the stern of that old rowboat of yours. Your expeditions are no longer restricted by the dread of miles of pulling at the oars. Any rowboat, Evinrude-equipped, will take you where you will and when you will, on ocean, lake or river, with no thought of a long row home again.

EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS

The new Evinrude Four-Cycle Twin has more speed, more power, than the Single Cylinder models, and the opposed-cylinder design eliminates vibration.

Write for the new 1916 Evinrude catalog—just off the press

Evinrude Motor Company

379 Evinrude Block, Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

DISTRIBUTING BRANCHES

69 Cortlandt Street New York, N. Y.
214 State Street Boston, Mass.
436 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.
Front and Morrison Streets Portland, Ore.

Over 60,000 Sold



AS YOU FELT ON THAT OCCASION

EXTRA QUALITY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Celebrated Hats

Since 1857 this mark in a hat has at once identified and emphasized inherent quality.

178-180 Fifth Ave. 181 Broadway
NEW YORK
CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA
Agencies in all Principal Cities

to a Moorish sea captain some months ago. Mr. Othello confessed the crime, giving jealousy as his motive, just before taking his own life. The police believe it to be another blackhand outrage.

HAS JUSTICE BEEN DONE?

From the *Rialto Rooter*

Shylock, one of our leading Hebrew merchants, lost his suit against Mr. Antonio to-day, it being decided against him by a judge evidently brought from Rome for that purpose. The Hebrews in Venice feel the injustice very keenly, and while in this case there will be no appeal, the plaintiff having been so mulcted of his fortune that he has no funds left with which to carry it higher, it is believed that the Hebrew vote will make itself felt in this matter at the next election.

Anne Jane Harnwell.

Bulletin No. 26

The Style Committee recommends as newest in men's footwear for the present season; black or tan vamps with tops of "F. B. & C." Glazed Kid in sedate colors.

Note: For your white shoes specify "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid No. 81, this new invention requires no dressing to clean—simply use soap and water or Carbona Cleaning Fluid.

Fashion Publicity Company of New York



He is at present at large accompanied only by a half imbecile servant. We agree with the elder daughters that an asylum is the best place for him.

NEGRO KILLS WHITE WIFE IN FIT OF JEALOUSY

Special from Venetian *Veritas*

The brutal murder of Mrs. Othello by her husband, followed by his suicide, is a fitting sequel to her early career. Our readers will recall the stir made in Venetian upper circles at the marriage of Miss Desdemona Brabantio, against the wishes of her father,

CARSTAIRS RYE

Since 1788, a shining example of "Made in America" quality.

In the protective bottle—"a good bottle to keep good whiskey good."

The people we meet are mostly neutral, as if a kind Providence had fixed it so that they could fade into the background.

And then along comes someone who flashes on your mind's eye and shocks you into the realization that this is a living person—an individual—no mere cog in the wheel of existence.

When such a man enters the office, be it ever so quietly, everybody knows he has come in. When he speaks, people listen, without eye-wandering, until he has finished.

PERSONALITY.

Is such a thing true of a cigarette?

Smoke one Rameses, and see. They call it "The Aristocrat of Cigarettes."

You know the saying?

"Nobody ever changes from Rameses."



"CAESAR'S COMMENTARIES"

Discrediting a Popular Book

HOW interesting a book must be the Bible, to have survived all the generations of its teachers! It is still read by many, in spite of Sunday schools and Bible lessons.

To teach the Bible as is customary, one needs a colored map of Palestine, showing Abraham's ideal tour, a map wand about as long as Aaron's rod and a Bible dictionary, the whole affair to be presided over by a person whose general ignorance of all that is really human in life is inexhaustible. When you have been guided through half a dozen chapters, you begin to hate Solomon in all his glory, with a pure and unadulterated hatred. You agree with Job in cursing the day he was born. And you almost get the idea into your head that Jeremiah had no sense of humor.

Here Are the Facts About Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

OUR booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation," summarizes briefly some of the facts which doctors have learned about constipation—what causes it, and why the use of Nujol as an internal lubricant is an effective method of treatment.

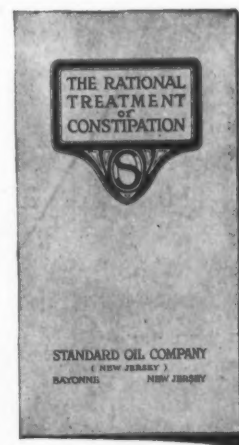
Casual dosing with laxatives and cathartics is an extremely unwise way of dealing with a disorder which is so full of potential dangers as is constipation.

If you are interested in learning the facts about a far saner and safer treatment, you should have this booklet. Clip and mail the attached coupon.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the Nujol trademark. If your druggist does not carry Nujol, we will send you a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75 cents—money order or stamps.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
BAYONNE NEW JERSEY

Approved by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley,
Director of Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.



Standard
Oil Company
(New Jersey)
Bayonne, New Jersey
Dept. 15

Please send your booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation"

Name.....

Street and No.

City and State.....



"SPREADING THE ALARM"

Out of a rut on your own power

—it's easy if you carry a Basline Autowline.
Simply fasten one end of the Autowline around tire and rim; make a loop around the hub and attach other end of line to a fence post, telegraph pole or stake. When the wheel turns the rope winds up and the car pulls itself out of the rut. Try it.

AUTOWLINE

"The Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull"

in addition, is "tow-home" insurance. It's about 25 feet of Yellow Strand Wire Rope with patented Snaffle Hooks at each end. It's small but mighty. Price, east of Rockies, \$3.95.

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK protects your car and spare tires from theft. Some insurance companies will reduce your rate 10% if you use it. Price, \$2.00.

POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE is the "big brother" of Basline Autowline for truck towing and garage use. Price, east of Rockies, \$6.50.

Write For Free Literature

At the San Francisco Exposition the only Grand Prize awarded for wire ropes was won by Broderick & Bascom.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.

809 No. 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo., New York Office, 76C. Warren St.

It Puts Music in Your Soul and Skill in Your Fingers

THE world has gone far in seeking for pleasure and entertainment; but the love and enjoyment of Music remains forever one of Man's sincerest emotions.

Music entertains, inspires, cheers and thrills every human being, and its production is always counted one of the highest human accomplishments.

The PIANO is the most complete, the most satisfactory, the most musical instrument with which to produce expression.

The Angelus Piano

CAN BE PLAYED BY ANYONE THE FIRST DAY IT IS IN THE HOME

It develops musical taste; educates its possessor in the world's greatest music; provides constant musical entertainment in the home and gives greater ability of high artistic performance every day and month that it is used.

No other instrument of the kind possesses equal facilities for highest

artistic interpretation of classic or modern music.

Music lovers will be delighted when they hear it demonstrated.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY and learn more about this truly marvelous instrument.

The Wilcox & White Co. Meriden, Conn. USA

The Wilcox & White Co. Meriden, Conn. USA — Please send me Illustrated Booklet about The Angelus Piano, and name of Angelus dealer nearest to my home:

Name

Address

Tear off this Coupon

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared James S. Metcalfe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the business managers of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Editor, J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Managing editor, T. L. Masson, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Business managers, Andrew Miller and James S. Metcalfe, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City; J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City; Andrew Miller, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: United States Trust Company, 45 Wall Street, New York City; North River Savings Bank, West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City. James S. Metcalfe. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of March, 1916. (Seal) Wm. Krone, Notary Public.

LE PAGE'S
GLUE 10¢
IN HANDY TUBES

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

Hansenbilt Washable

MEN of fastidious tastes have set fashion's approval on this newest Hansen, which gives every effect of elegance with smooth fit and pliability. For semi-dress of beautiful "cape" leather, in all the newer shades. It can be washed in soap and water without affecting the soft texture or life of the grain. The most immaculate dresser can be sure of fresh gloves with no "dry cleaning" delay. Ask your dealer or write us for particulars of this latest Hansen triumph and 500 other designs.

Automobile Gauntlets and Mittens

Exclusive styles covering the widest range in motoring demands.

Free Book describes the special features that have made Hansen the irreproachable standard in material, fit and style. If your dealer is not supplied let us know. Please write for the book

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.
1022 Detroit Street Milwaukee, Wis.

HANSEN GLOVES



Leading The March of Railroad Progress

"St. Paul Road" Again to the Fore

Achievements in the railroad world have been manifold and splendid. In this great work "The St. Paul" since its inception has been a leader. It is particularly fitting, therefore, that this railway should accomplish the first extensive main line electrification in the world—the electrifying of its line from Harlowton, Montana, to Avery, Idaho, a distance of 440 miles across the Great Continental Divide.

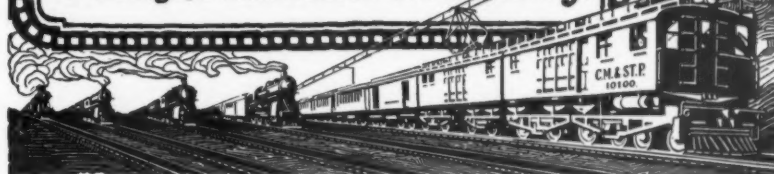
This colossal undertaking has claimed the attention of the world. The giant electric locomotives, fed with the limitless energy of the mountain streams—the increased efficiency and economy of operation, and the notable increase of travel delights—appeal alike to engineers, scientists and the traveling public.

On your next trip Northwest take "The Olympian" or "The Columbian" and enjoy the combination of luxurious service, electric travel and some of the most beautiful mountain scenery.

For literature address

F. A. MILLER, Passenger Traffic Manager, CHICAGO

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.



Movement to Compel Removal of Tonsils

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin for February 24th contained the following news item: "An Indictment of the Tonsils," in which these offenders are charged with a variety of crimes against health, has been drawn up by Dr. Benjamin C. Gile, of 1906 Chestnut Street. Dr. Gile recently spoke on this subject before the West Philadelphia Medical Association, which has started a movement for a law giving surgeons the right to remove diseased tonsils from children when parents oppose such an operation." The massacre of the tonsils is one of the medical fads of the present day. Complaints are frequently made that people experience

more trouble after tonsils are removed than before. There is a vast difference of opinion even among physicians regarding the removal of tonsils. Several physicians have denounced the indiscriminate removal of tonsils. The movement for a law giving surgeons the right to remove diseased tonsils again calls attention to the fact that compulsory medical treatment is the next step after securing compulsory medical examination of children in the public schools.—*Medical Freedom.*

"Yes," said the old grad, "I guess that the thing that surprises the college man most when he gets out in the world is to find out how much uneducated people know."—*The Widow.*

Give YOUR Lawn Better Care

Proper lawn care in the spring counts greatly toward a beautiful summer sward. Start your lawn care *right* this season. Have the **Ideal** ready for the very first cutting. It will provide *double* care—more *efficiently* and more *economically*—now, and all summer long.

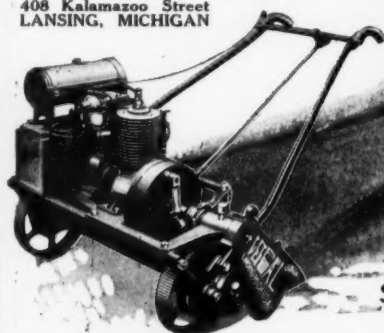
The **Ideal Junior Power Lawn Mower** for 1916 offers all the features on which **Ideal** has built its splendid reputation, with many new refinements and improvements—simple, reliable clutch; automobile throttle control; gearless differential. It stands unexcelled in the field of lawn mowing machines.

Write to us for full particulars—*now*, while making your plans for a beautiful lawn.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower Company

R. E. OLDS, Chairman

408 Kalamazoo Street
LANSING, MICHIGAN



Ideal
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